THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO. 48. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

WELL REMEMBERED.

Enthusiastic Celebration of the 24th Anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs at Farwell Hall.

Addresses by Chairman Agnew and Judge Cavanagh — Resolutions in Honor of Parnell and Nally Adopted.

The meeting of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago at Farwell Hall last Monday evening to commemorate the 24 h anniversary of the martyrdom of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien at Manchester, was a pronounced success. The great hall was filled to overflowing, and the enthusiasm was unbounded, especially when illusion was made, in speech or resolution, to the late Charles Stewart Parnell. Fully half the audience was composed of ladies. Among those on the platform were noticed Messrs. Frank Agnew, James C. Strain, Martin Mulcahy, M. M. O'Connor, Ignatius Sheridan, P. J. Quinlan, Daniel Corkery, E. J. Quinlan, John J. Mahony, P. W. Crowe, M. McInerney, M. J. Kelly, W. H. Joyce, John McGovern, M. J. Keane, A. G. Duggan, J. M. McLoughlin and many more.

Mr. Frank Agnew presided, and made a stirring speech in which he outlined the history of the Manchester martyrs and dwelt upon the great sacrifices they made for the cause of their motherland. "These men," he said, "died not for Home Rule, not for a mere Irish parliament, but for an Irish republic; and it is for the establishment not only of an Irish but of English and Scotch republics that all lovers of human liberty should struggle."

The social programme of the evening commenced with "America," effectively rendered by Miss M. L. Duggan, Miss Conyers, John M Wilson, Mrs. Daly, Miss N. Cahill, E. J. Quinlan, Mr. Halle and J. J. Phelan, after which the well known artiste, Mme. La Roche, played on the harp a fantasia of Irish airs. P. J. Quinlan sang "O'Donnell Aboo" amid applause, and on being recalled gave that modern favorite Irish lyric, "For Philadelphia in the Morning."

Judge Marcus Cavanagh, who was the orator of the evening, delivered an eloquent and impressive address, in the course of which he pictured England as the robber and the pawnbroker of the world, and Ireland lying chained but not conquered at her feet. "England is wealthy," he said, "but for the wealth of Albion Ireland would not give up her aspirations to liberty. The Catholic church commemorates the anniversaries of its martyrs. Ireland, too, has her martyrs—the noblest of whom were the devoted three who were offered up as holocausts to satisfy English hate nearly a quarter of a century ago. The cause for which they died has not as yet triumphed, but that is no reason why we should esteem their memories the less. We are men who need not blush for Fenianism. If Irishmen are divided today as to certain details of policy, it is no less true that they are united on the great principle of a nationality."

Referring to the petitions for mercy forwarded to Queen Victoria after Allen, Larkin and others were sentenced to death, Judge Cavanagh informed the audience that these pieces of parchment were ignored by her majesty, "who was off in the Highlands of Scotland with John Brown."

Judge Cavanagh concluded his eloquent speech as follows:

"So on a chill, November morning three ropes swung in the air outside of Manchester prison, and amid thousands of bayonets and drawn swords the three men walked forth to die. With heads erect and unwavering steps they marched to the scaffold. The old pride of their race burned in their blood and flashed from their fearless eyes. 'Here,' their faces said to the yelling mob, 'are three of the race you hold in slavery. Learn from us at this place which race should be master; learn how Irishmen love their country!' And that savage mob grows still before them, and something like a thrill of pity sweeps across the multitude which a moment before screamed its hatred at them. They reach the platform; three swinging strands of hemp are above their heads. They turn from the crowd about and look upon each others faces; they speak to each other kindly, lovingly, with broad, happy smiles upon their faces; kiss each other upon the forehead and upon the cheeks as brothers do who part forever; they turn together and face the now impatient crowd. The light is hidden from their eyes. One thought then of the dear old land for which they die, one thought for the mother and the wife they will never see again on earth, a whispered prayer, 'God Save Ireland,' and then the Almighty Father and comforter clasps them forever in his bosom. Come peace, come war, come triumph or defeat, brave hearts we shall not forget you! And when the flag you loved shall fly redeemed over the land of your homes, its glory shall be yours. The words you spoke, the death you died, shall steel our hearts and whet our swords when comes the day for which you prayed. For it will come, else all the martyrs blood is valueless in the sight of heaven, and God is not God. This is the whole plain story. As simple as that of Curtius leaping into the abyss, as pathetic as that of Thermopolæ. One like it is written upon every page of Irish history. Men like these have left their marks upon each of its passing years."

Land of the Gael, what sorcery lurks in your dasied fields, your shining rivers and your purple mountains, that all these mighty hearts have loved you so. Martyrs of Ireland, what message of comfort is it that the angels whispered to you which brought that happy smile to your lips when the supreme terror laid his chill upon your souls? It must have been a message that your deaths were not in vain, that your race would hope on, struggle on as of old, a vision of your countrymen prosperous in their own land and their genius blessing it, a vision of your country sitting resplendent in her old time glory free as the freest among the nations of the earth, a vision that dulled the executioner's axe and softened the hangman's rope, till from your glad souls broke the cry which your race tonight re echoes under many a flag in twenty lands, and in which tonight we join—"God Save Ireland!"

After Mr. Cavanagh's address Miss N. Cahill, a charming singer, rendered "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen," and "The Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow." Mr. Quinlan gave a side splitting medley of Irish and other airs, while Miss Higgins brought down the house by her recitations of "The Irish Drummer Boy" and that excruciatingly comic morceau "The Vase." After several songs had been rendered the proceedings were brought to a close with "God Save Ireland," done ample justice to by Representative McInerney.

The following sets of resolutions were read and unanimously adopted amid ringing and prolonged cheers:

RESOLUTIONS ON CHARLES S PARNELL.

The recent sudden and unexpected death of Charles Stewart Parnell has filled the hearts of his countrymen, irrespective of party, with profound grief. His services to his country can never be forgotten by a grateful people, and if he did not live to see the full fruition of his hopes, still he left a broad and straight path for true Irishmen to follow on the march to victory and independence. He brought to the side of Ireland, so long neglected by the world at large, the active sympathy of this great land of our adoption, and he filled the ears and the eyes of the liberty loving among the nations of Europe with the spoken or published story of her wrongs, her sufferings and her hopes. His name and fame, linked with the cause of Ireland, penetrated to the remotest recesses of the globe, and, when he died, his praises were uttered in every tongue that conveys to mankind the verdict of civilized opinion. Even his enemies respected his memory and did ample justice to his great attributes as a statesman. Therefore

Resolved, By this assemblage of Irish Nationalists of Chicago, that Charles Stewart Parnell deserved well of his country and his countrymen, and that in the long roster of her patriots he will rank forever with Ireland's ablest and truest sons.

Resolved, That we hereby place on record our gratitude for the services rendered to liberty and humanity in Ireland by the able leader who humbled the pride of the English tyrant and shattered to its base the atrocious system of land lordism, which reduced the Irish people to pauperism, even as the British government reduced them to slavery.

RESOLUTIONS ON P. W NALLY.

By the atrocious process of slow assassination, in which she has ever been an adept, England has done to death in her prisons Patrick W. Nally, of Mayo, Ireland, as brave and pure a spirit as ever sacrificed himself for the cause of his native land. Failing to convert their heroic victim into a craven informer, during the Parnell *Times* trial, the myrmidons of the most brutal and treacherous of all human governments—that English leopard whose spots never change, and whose savage nature can never be modified, except by the process of brute force—by a system of barbaric persecution broke the constitution of the noble young Irishman, whose spirit they could not bend, and he lies dead beneath the sod of Glasnevin cemetery tonight as truly a martyr to Irish liberty, as if he had been beheaded with Silken Thomas on Tower Hill or hanged with Robert Emmet in Dublin. Governments are but aggregations of human beings placed in power, some by despotism, and others by unrestricted suffrage; and inflamed, according to their mode of creation, by base or by noble passions. The English government, as far as Ireland is concerned, is a shameful usurpation, and exists in the country to destroy, not to protect the people. Contrasted with the government of the United States, which exists solely by the will and the votes of a free people, English government in Ireland is a felony, tolerated only because the victim of its crimes has not the physical resources with which to overthrow or destroy it. In the words of a great statesman "Tyranny is not government, and allegiance is due only to protection." The countrymen and country women of the martyred Nally, assembled here this night, cannot remain silent in the presence of murdered innocence and outraged liberty. Therefore

Resolved, That the murder of P.W.Nally, accomplished by slow but sure process, in the jails of Belfast and Mountjoy in Ireland, and in the penal cells of Millbank in London, was one of the most dastardly political crimes of which history makes record, and is entirely worthy of the abominable government which destroyed Lord Edward Fitzgerald in his Newgate cell and treacherously kidnapped the illustrious Napoleon for the purpose of killing him by inches on the desert rock of St. Helena.

Resolved, That the murderous brutality of the English government in Ireland is not excelled by the atrocious conduct of Russia in Poland, and that there is little choice between the horrors of Chatham, Peatonville and Millbank penitentiaries and those of the salt mines of Siberia.

Resolved, That we, Irish Nationalists of Chicago, send across the Atlantic our sympathy to the kindred and friends of P.W Nally, and that we pledge ourselves to aid them in every manner, consistent with our loyalty as American citizens, to overthrow the vicious government which in the evening of the nineteenth century civilization resorts to the policy of the dark ages, and murders an honest and gallant Irishman because of his political opinions.

Resolved, That no penalty the Irish people could inflict if they had the power, on the assassins of P. W. Nally, could be regarded by us as excessive; and that we hope Ireland ere long may be in a position to avenge his death in the capacity of a sovereign and independent nation.

Local Catholic News.

The Rev. Father Kenna, A.S.A., of St. Patrick's church, Rome, has been visiting in the city.

The Rev. Dr. Butler, of St. John's church, has returned from his European trip. He is heartily welcome back.

The Rev. Father Sullivan has been transferred from Grand Crossing to take charge of the church at Brighton Park.

The new church at Fernwood is nearly completed and will be dedicated about Dec. 1. The Rev. Father William Foley is the pastor.

Mass is celebrated every Sunday morning at 6 and 7 o'clock in the Union Catholic Library, No. 94 Dearborn street, the pastors of St. Mary's church on Wabash avenue officiating.

The Catholic Visitation and Aid Society has taken in and cared for about sixty children during the last month. Subscriptions to the treasury of this worthy charity are coming in quite liberally.

The Rev. Father Whalen, who has been in charge of St. Catherine's church at Austin during the summer, has been assigned to All Saints' church as an assistant.

The ladies of the congregation of St. Catherine's church have organized a literary circle which promises to be quite a success. The meeting last week was held at the residence of Mrs. F. X. Mudd, on South Park avenue, and the ladies were royally entertained by the charming hostess, who provided an elaborate repast of dainty refreshments.

The Clergy Fund Association met last Wednesday week at the cathedral rectory, and was attended by a large number of the priests of the archdiocese. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the choice of the Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, president; the Rev. S. Wounstrett, vice president; the Rev. Thomas Kearnes, secretary; and the Rev. B. P. Murray, treasurer.

The Very Rev. Father Jackson, vicar apostolic of Borneo, is meeting with gratifying success in his mission to Chicago. He lectured Wednesday evening at St. Jarlath's hall, and illustrated with stereopticon views incidents of the people and life of Borneo.

The Rev. William S. Healy, of Zanzibar, east Africa, is visiting Chicago to procure funds for the prosecution of mission work in the wilds of Africa. The Holy Ghost society, with which Father Healy is connected, is said to be the largest in the church.

Last Sunday having been the feast of St. Cecilia, Gounod's "Grande Messe Solennelle" was rendered with full choir and orchestra at the church of Notre Dame. The Rev. Granger celebrated the mass and the Rev. Father Therien preached the sermon.

December 2 there will be delivered the first of six lectures, the proceeds to be devoted to the church improvement fund. The arrangements are in the hands of the Catholic Young Men's association of the cathedral.

A triduum at St. Michael's church in honor of Our Lady of Perpetuel Help, will be celebrated with great solemnity December 6, 7 and 8. His grace, the archbishop of Chicago, will be present on the occasion.

The Rev. J E. Madden, lately ordained at Fribourgh, Switzerland, has returned to Chicago, and the Rev. S. Luttrel, recently ordained in Ireland, has been appointed assistant in St. Lawrence's parish.

His grace, the archbishop of San Francisco, preached last Sunday at 11 o'clock mass at St. James' church, Wabash avenue and Twenty ninth street.

During the month of December Miss Mary M. Meline will deliver three lectures before the Union Catholic Library association of Chicago.

The bazar held in aid of St. Pius' church, the Rev. Father Henneberry pastor, realized the splendid total of $10,000

CONFIRMATION AT ST STEPHEN'S.

One of the pleasurable incidents connected with the Rev. Father Egan's return from his European tour was the presentation, last Thursday, of a class of over 150 to the archbishop for the sacred rites of confirmation. His grace, preparatory to admitting them into full communion with the church, made a short address to those present, in which he illustrated in a concise and practical yet simple manner the virtues they should practice if they wished to live a pure and upright life and be the inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. The mere outward symbol and sign of the cross was not all that was necessary to prove their rights to a Catholic fellowship; it must needs be supplemented by individual acts of piety and devotion and by a life of sanctified purpose. His grace then proceeded with the confirmation. He was assisted by the pastor and the Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, of St. Jarlath's.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

IRELAND IN AMERICA.

The Boast That This Country is "Greater Ireland" Sustained by a Statistician of Nomenclature.

Irish Names Swarm in Every State of the Union, North and South.

When reading Irish newspapers and the speeches of Irish orators, one frequently comes across such phrases as "The Irish Nation in America," "The greater Ireland across the Atlantic," etc. To the Englishman and Anglomaniac, such phrases seem but the idle bombast of the imaginative Irish.

But those phrases are not fictions nor empty boasts. The long, steady influx of Irish men and women into the United States has made them positive realities. Some one has estimated that the city of New York contains more Irish than Dublin, Cork and Belfast combined; that the city of Brooklyn contains more Irish than Galway and Waterford together; that Boston contains more Irish than Dublin; that Philadelphia contains more Irish than Belfast—and insignificant indeed must be the town, village or hamlet in the United States that has not its quota of Irish born persons. And the presence of the Irish is felt in the nomenclature of cities and towns.

The Atlantic Ocean contains but one Ireland, but the United States contains four, one each in Alabama, West Virginia, Indiana and Minnesota. And then Hibernia, which is another name for Ireland, we have three of them, one each in Florida, New Jersey and New York. And then we have no fewer than five Erins, a pet name for Ireland, scattered through the states of Georgia, New York, Tennessee, Texas and Wisconsin. We have an Irishburg in Virginia, and Irish Ridge in Ohio and Irish Ripple in Pennsylvania. Nebraska has an Erina, Virginia has an Erin Shades and Indian Territory has an Erin Springs.

The provinces in Ireland are represented in the United States by Munster, in Illinois, Munster, in Pennsylvania, and Ulster in the latter state, besides an Ulster Park, an Ulsterville and an Ulster county, in New York. We have neither Leinster nor Connaught.

The counties of Ireland are abundantly represented here. We have 17 Dublins, 18 Waterfords, 9 Tyrones, 7 Limericks, 5 Clares, 4 Mayos, 4 Sligos, 3 Corks, 3 Wexfords, 6 Antrims, 9 Derrys, (four of which are called Londonderrys), a Roscommon, a Kings county, a Queens county, a Galway, a Wicklow, a Longford, a Kilkenny, a Kildare, a Donegal, a Carlow, a Monaghan and an Armagh. That is a pretty substantial "fiction" truly, but only a fraction of the "Greater Ireland" has been told yet.

As for the towns and villages of old Ireland they are reproduced here in a great profusion. We have 12 places called Avoca, that world renowned place in the county Wicklow, immortalized by Moore in his "Melodies;" we have six places called Avondale, after the beautiful residence of Charles Stewart Parnell, also in county Wicklow, and we have several places called after Parnell himself.

We have a Garryowen in Iowa, a Tullamore in Illinois, a Rathdrum in Idaho, an Achill in Roscommon county, Michigan; a Ballina in California, a Doneraile in Kentucky, a Strabane in Dakota, an Ardee in New York and in Tennessee, a Kinsale in Virginia, a Kinkora in New Jersey, a Tara in Iowa, a Navan in Iowa and in Michigan, a Queenstown in Maryland and in Pennsylvania, 12 towns called Westport, 4 towns called Newry, 30 towns called Newport, a Valencia in Kansas and in Pennsylvania, 4 places called Ennis, 4 called Kilgore, a Kilmichael, a Kilmanagh, a Lismore, a Lisburn and 11 Bangors.

Even the hotbed of county Armagh Orangeism, the Monches, is here in Wisconsin, and another Orange stronghold of historic fame, Ballybay, is in Pennsylvania, and then we have 10 places called Belfast, and a Boyne lies in Michigan, a Bandon in Minnesota and in Oregon, a Lurgan in Pennsylvania, a Fermoy in the same state, a Neenah in Wisconsin, an Athlone in California and in Michigan, a Bray in North Carolina, a Ramelton in Indiana, a Clontarf in Minnesota, a Dungannon in Ohio, a Drumcliffe in Maryland, a Croome in the same state, a Cookstown in Georgia and in New Jersey, a Randalstown in Maryland, a Boyle in Kansas and in Pennsylvania, a Ballyclough in Iowa, 10 places called Banbridge, 5 called Coleraine, a Green Isle in Minnesota, 2 places called Greenisland, after Greenisland in the county Antrim; 9 Milltowns, 8 Middletons, 25 Milfords and 5 places called Adair.

The list is by no means exhausted, but it is cut off here simply that it may not become tedious. Enough has been given to show that the "Irish Nation in America" is a pretty big and substantial fact.

Nearly every state in the Union has counties called after the famous Irish Americans of Revolutionary fame. We have 2 counties, 8 towns, and 7 lesser places called after Jack Barry, the father of the American navy, a county Wexford Irishman; 13 counties, 38 towns and 20 lesser places called after Charles Carroll, of Carrollton; 15 counties, 58 towns and 15 lesser places named in honor of Maj. Anthony Wayne, the Irish American hero of the Revolution; in honor of John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, we have 10 counties and 18 towns; in honor of Commodore Stewart, "Old Ironsides," Parnell's grandfather, we have towns and places almost ad libitum; in honor of Maj. Gen. Richard Montgomery we have 19 counties and 23 towns; in honor of Commodore McDonough we have 1 county and 4 towns; in honor of Gen. Stark we have 3 counties and about 12 towns, although it is probable that some of these places were named in honor of Mollie Stark, who took her husband's place when he was killed at his gun, and remained in command of that gun until the end of the war. She was created captain for bravery in action, but was always lovingly referred to as "Irish Molly Stark." Then we have 7 counties and 11 towns called Sullivan, in honor of the Irish American Revolutionary patriot of that name.

As for Jackson, the places named in his honor are almost too numerous to count, Jacksonville, Florida, being a proud monument to his beloved memory; in honor of O'Brien, of Machias Bay fame, we have an O'Brien county, Iowa, and an O'Brien in Glynn county, Georgia; in honor of Patrick Henry we have 10 counties and 18 towns. In fact nearly every state in the Union possesses towns or counties called McDonough, McCulloch, Sullivan, Jasper, McCracken, Calhoun, O'Brien, Emmet, Meagher, Dougherty, Murphy, etc., etc.

Phil Sheridan had no fewer than 3 counties and 17 towns named in his honor; "Black Jack" Logan has 9 counties and no less than 16 towns named after him. In fact, all the Irish American heroes of the late war have counties and towns named to forever perpetuate their memory; thus we have Corcoran, Burke, Shields, Kearney, Cleburn, Cass, Mulligan and all the rest of them.

Indeed, the "Irish Nation in America" is a big, heavy fact, for we have here in great profusion towns and places named after all the principal Irish surnames, so multitudinous that a volume less in size than Webster's Unabridged would be incapable of holding them. These names look just like this: O Bannon, O Quinn, O'Neill, O'Connor, O'Daniel, Patrick, Kelly, Biddo Ford, Lynch, Malone, Moran, Moore, Orr, Muldoon, Kennedy, Murphy, Doyle, Flaherty, Ryan, Mulloy, Mulvany, Shane, Shannon, Donovan, Dowry, Donohoe, Norah, Dunn, Dunnigan, Brady, Dillon. And if these are not distinctively Irish, then there is nothing Irish on earth. A very significant fact is this: That the States of Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Virginia, North Carolina, Nebraska, Missouri and Arkansas each wear a shamrock every day in the year—and if that is not aggressively Irish, it would be interesting to know what is. But still more emphatically Irish is the fact that Minnesota, Missouri and Louisiana each has a St. Patrick all to herself and all the time, besides a San Patricio in Texas, so that the soil of America should be kept continually free from poisonous things. But, alas! the precaution is a failure, for we have four places called Corydon, the most hated combination of letters in modern Irish history, a name that, in the estimation of every patriotic Irishman and Irish-American, is vile enough to poison the granite rocks of Maine, Iowa, Indiana, Kentucky and Pennsylvania, each carry this foul blot on their fair bosoms, and thus seem desirous of doing honor to the cowardly informer.

Enough is here shown to prov that the phrases "The Greater Ireland in America," "The Irish Nation in America," etc., are by no means empty boasts.—*John Deignan in New York Sunday News*

M'DERMOTT AND HEALY.

A representative of the Dublin *Freeman* had an interview recently with Mr. McDermott at 43 Fitzwilliam square, where he resides with his father, Mr. Alfred McDermott, solicitor. He is a young man of about 23 years, tall and gentlemanly-looking, with a light mustache, and bears a strong resemblance, especially in the eyes, to his illustrious uncle. He attends Trinity College as an engineering student. He was quite calm and collected when our representative saw him, and evinced every disposition to have the fullest investigation held into the affair at the Four Courts.

"I called, Mr. McDermott," said our representative, "to ascertain if you were willing to describe what occurred during your encounter with Mr. Healy at the Four Courts this afternoon."

"I have no objection whatever to tell you what happened," replied Mr. McDermott quietly, and he at once proceeded: "Being engaged all day at my studies in Trinity College, I did not see the blackguard speech which Healy made at Longford till I returned home last evening. I need not describe how shocked I was when I read it. I had thought that my uncle being dead these vile attacks on his widow would cease. I at once came to the conclusion that I, who have the honor to be the nephew of the lady insulted, was bound to take notice of these observations of Mr. Healy. Accordingly I went down to the Four Courts at 2 o'clock today to see Mr. Healy. I looked into several of the courts, and waited for a while in the hall, and failing to see him I went up to the library and had him called. I left a message with the crier to tell Healy that Mr. McDermott wanted to see him in the coffeeroom. I then went down and waited his arrival."

"Where did you wait for him? Was it in the corridor at the end of the staircase leading to the library?"

"No," answered Mr. McDermott. "I met him in the corridor leading to the coffeeroom at the other side of the open way. I waited for him just inside the door. When he appeared I introduced myself. I told him I was the nephew of Mr. Parnell—'the man,' I said, 'you have helped to drive to his grave by your language!' Then I told him I would insist on his apologizing for his references to my aunt, and on his promising never to mention the name of the lady in public again, or else if he would not do that I would thrash him as long as I could stand over him."

"What did Mr. Healy say?"

"He cried out, as if he were addressing his vile followers: 'I will not be intimidated by dynamite and threats of any kind.' I then said that as he refused to do what I asked him to do I would thrash him. He said he would defend himself. I then took him by the collar and let him have it with my whip till my arm got tired."

"Where did you strike him, Mr. McDermott?"

"About the shoulders and legs. I saw he was wearing glasses, and did not like to strike him about the face fearing I would seriously injure him. I may say I did not want to do him any physical harm. The indignity of the whipping was enough for my purpose."

"Did Mr. Healy say anything while you were beating him?"

"He kept shouting, 'You're drunk, you're drunk!' He tried to hit me, but I held him at arm's length and he did not succeed."

"Was there anybody looking on?"

"Oh yes, there was quite a crowd there. People rushed out of the coffeeroom when they heard the noise, and," added Mr. McDermott with a smile, "they all seemed to enjoy it."

"What about the policeman? When did he arrive on the scene?"

"As usual, he was late," replied Mr. McDermott, laughing.

"What did he do?"

"Before the policeman arrived I had given my card to Healy, and he threw it away. The constable asked me my name, and somebody in the crowd picked up the card and gave it to him."

"That," added Mr. McDermott, "is all I have to say on the matter;" and our representative, having thanked him, withdrew.

Pike's Peak.

"All aboard!" rang out, the engine gathered itself for a mighty effort, and again we were going upward. Slowly we crept over the freshly made track and gained the upper side amid hearty, rousing cheers from workers and passengers.

A steady climb, a curve, and—joy of joys!—we were at the summit. A cold wind greeted us as we left the coach, and we gladly crowded into the old signal station, now used only as a hostelry for those caring to remain over night on the mountain.

Standing in that room, heated by an enormous stove, with outer doors closed and double sash windows shut tight on that 30th day of June, we could not but wonder how bitter cold it would be were it the month December instead of June. The house is of stone, and seems a part of the mountain itself rather than a house built with human hands. The whole top of the peak is as if a deluge of boulders, shattering as they fell, had poured down upon the mountain's hoary head. Granite and [illegible] everywhere, and mother earth under all, hidden from sight.

And the stillness of the spot!—no sound of bird or insect or ceaseless toil of man; silence primeval, oppressive, absolute, such as reigned here before man was and will reign when he is no more. With almost a start we were recalled to every day affairs. The enterprising photographer was ready to "snap" this historic party, and we were urged to arrange ourselves artistically, and to look pleasant becomingly.

The picture was taken, the train boarded, and soon the visit to Pike's Peak was only a delightful memory. Owing to the delays, Denver was not reached until 11:15 that night, fifteen hours after the departure in the morning, but what pioneer would ever have believed the ascent could be accomplished in a few hours? Is it any wonder that next morning as we looked to the south and saw the mighty peak towering above all others, we felt a new reverence for it and an interest that amounted almost to ownership?—*St. Nicholas for November.*

Wolfe Tone's Descendants.

The only living descendants of the Irish patriot and revolutionist, Theobald Wolfe Tone, with a few of their relatives, gathered in Greenwood cemetery, Brooklyn, on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 7, to solemnize the interment there of the remains of the patriot's wife and son and four other members of their family.

There were six coffins in all, containing the remains of these persons, Matilda Tone Wilson, wife of the patriot, who, after her husband's tragic death, married a second time; William Theobald Wolfe Tone, the patriot's only son; William Wilson, a Scotchman, Mrs. Tone's second husband; Catherine Anna Tone, the patriot's daughter-in-law, and her father and mother, William Sampson and Grace Sampson. The bodies of the first three were brought from Georgetown D. C., where they had settled after coming from Ireland; the others were brought from the hiker burying ground at Bowe y Bay.

The Tone name is now extinct, and the only descendants of the family are Mrs. Grace Maxwell, the patriot's granddaughter, and her daughter, Miss Helen Maxwell.

Theobald Wolfe Tone was one of the most conspicuous Irishmen at the time of the French revolution He received the commission of *chef de brigade* from France, and was also made adjutant general to General Hoche, the leader of the French expedition to Ireland On the failure of the expedition Tone, after a desperate fight, was captured by the English and cast into prison under sentence of death. There, however, he died by cutting his throat with a penknife the day before the date fixed for his execution, November 11 1798. He now lies buried at Bodenstown, county Kildare, Ireland. His son, whose remains were interred in Greenwood, served as an officer in the French army, and, after the fall of Napoleon, in the army of the United States He was also the author of a French political work published in Paris, and the "School for Cavalry," published in Georgetown in 1883. William Sampson, his father-in law, was also an Irish revolutionist and an exile from his country.—*New York Tablet.*

[The expedition under Hoche was in December, 1796. Tone subsequently induced the Batavian Republic (Holland) to muster an army and fleet of the same strength as Hoche's for the invasion of Ireland. This expedition was ruined by the naval battle of Camperdown in 1797. Tone's capture occurred in October, 1798. He fought desperately against the English on the flagship of Admiral Bompart of France. He did not know what fear meant. His son edited his memoirs.—ED.]

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XVII.

BARRETT A PRISONER

With the heavy weight of his horse upon him, the strong hand of his assailant pressing him down, and the weapon of the latter menacing his life, Barrett lay as helpless as a bound culprit beneath the knife of the guillotine. Looking up he beheld the green braided uniform, coarse visage, and merciless eyes of the Hessian dragoon whose sword threatened his neck. At once giving himself up for lost he closed his eyes, breathed a brief prayer, and awaited the deadly lunge which might at once sever carotid and jugular.

But that stroke did not come. The Hessian's arm was suddenly arrested, and his inflamed visage put on a look of disappointment as he was rather rudely thrust back from his intended victim.

"Hold your hand, Hessian! The Colonel's special directions are to make a prisoner by all means, and here's the very man to suit him," exclaimed a dragoon in the scarlet uniform and cross plumed helmet of a Foxhunter.

"Come, men," continued the speaker, "secure this fellow at once before those French devils have time to return to his rescue—that is, to rescue his corpse with an ounce ball of lead inside the skull, for that is all they'd have for the trouble. Hands here."

With the aid of a few troopers the weight of the horse, whose limbs presently grew rigid in death, was raised off Barrett. The latter was ordered to rise, and as soon as he had complied his hands were seized, drawn roughly behind him, and tightly bound with cords.

He could scarcely repress a shudder as his gaze rested on the evil faces, aglow with savage exultation, of his captors—a mingled group of Hessians and Foxhunters, members of two corps which had attained hideous notoriety during the recent insurrection in Wexford.

The Hessians, fierce foreign mercenaries from Hesse Darmstadt and Hesse-Cassni, had been brought—two regiments of them—to Ireland in the previous April for a purpose similar to that for which they had been employed in America by the English government during the War of Independence—namely, dragooning the oppressed people into subjection. And fearful was the zeal with which they proceeded to carry out their mission. The dragoons of Col. Ferdinand Hompesch, or "Hompesch's Hussars" as they were known—to which infamous corps Barrett's captors belonged—had specially distinguished themselves on the banks of Slaney and elsewhere by an appalling course of arson, lust, and murder. Houses given to the flames, the aged and the young ruthlessly slaughtered, women violated, shot, and left dead and disembowelled on the public highways, these were among the horrors that marked the blighting march of Hompesch's ruffians, who, when taken, were wont to be piked like vermin by the Wexford insurgents, in order, as they grimly informed them, "just to teach them how to shoot ladies."

Nor were their companion corps, the First Fencible Dragoons or Foxhunters, as they were called from their scarlet coats and magnificent horses, much behind them in the record of cruelty and atrocity. These, to a man, were rabid and savage Orange fanatics, sworn to the extinction of popery; their colonel, Jocelyn, Earl of Roden, chief of the Irish Orangemen, was vigilant in inflaming and sustaining the sectarian zeal of his braves, and brutally was that zeal displayed in Leinster, especially on the Curragh of Kildare, where a number of United Men who had given up their arms on receiving solemn promise of quarter and pardon, were ridden down and slaughtered in the most cowardly and dishonorable manner.

No wonder Patrick Barrett winced as he found himself in the midst of a truculent gang of representatives of both these vile regiments. No wonder that, as his eye read death in that circle of cruel faces, his gaze turned momentarily to the distant blue rim of Connacht hills, beyond which, nestling on the pleasant bank of the gleaming Moy, lay the home which he believed on hard, stern grounds, he was fated never to see more, and his heart throbbed with sad and tender recollections of parents and friends and betrothed.

"A rebel, by hell, and an officer of them to boot!" shouted the Foxhunter, a burley sergeant, who had saved the prisoner's throat from the German's glaive, "off with his infernal croppy frippery."

Alas! for that parting gift of poor Maeve O'Donnell, the green silken sash so exquisitely embroidered by her gentle hands. It was now rudely torn from the breast of its wearer, spat upon, and ignominously trampled in the dust.

The men, with skill evidently acquired by much experience, rapidly emptied the pockets of the captive, Hessians and Foxhunters greedily scrambling for whatever small spoil was discovered. A yell of rage and derision arose as in the course of their search they noticed the scapular which he wore around his neck.

"Another proof of his loyalty, boys, ha, ha! By George, this is the devil of a croppy altogether."

A tug broke the braid of the brown order of Mount Carmel, which was immediately treated exactly as the sash had been, an absurd belief prevailing among the lower order of Orangemen, and, indeed, among many of their titled leaders also, that this simple religious token was nothing less than a rebel badge of unity, fraught with all sorts of croppy and papist mysteries.*

"Spitzbube! shoot him!" growled the swart Hessian, whose sword had lately been at the captive's throat.

"Not quite, my gay Hessian friend!" replied the Foxhunter sergeant; "that may be done later on, or else the rope may do the d—d croppy's business, but for the present his affair is to answer our colonel a few questions—and here he comes, by all the water in the Boyne!"

Two officers now rode up to the spot and dismounted. One was Col. Crawford, commander of the English advance guard, the other, with uniform plentifully bedizened with gold lace and orange facings, Lord Roden, colonel of the Foxhunters, leader of the Orangemen of Ireland, and chief admirer of the "glorious, pious and, immortal memory."

His lordship approached the prisoner with haughty swagger and supercilious stare.

"Ah! a rebel, I perceive!"

"Yes, your lordship—a rebel officer," replied the sergeant, pointing to the trampled green sash.

"So much the better—he should be well able to answer our questions. Mark me, sir"—to Barrett—"you are a traitor and a rebel, taken, as I may say, red-handed, in open revolt against his gracious majesty. Your fate depends upon the manner in which you answer our questions; so you had better speak well and truthfully. You understand?"

Patrick returned his gaze fearlessly, and drew himself up with a proud mein which his torn and disordered garments could not disguise.

"Perfectly. Pray let me hear your questions."

The Orange earl paused to consider, then hummed and hawed and endeavored to assume an air of imposing military sternness, combined with profound importance and sagacity.

"Whither is Humbert marching?"

This was the chief query which for some days past had been puzzling the heads of the English commanders, exercising them one and all, from Lord Cornwallis down. Lake, who kept open communication with the latter by means of cavalry patrols, was continually at a loss what information to send his superior as to the mysterious movements of the French general. Col. Meade, who was engaged in carrying dispatches between Cornwallis and Lake, had first to inform the former that Humbert probably meant to seize Sligo, then that his object was either Boyle or Carrick on Shannon, and now the perplexing Frenchman was quite across the monarch of Irish rivers and speeding away with his army to the Southward.

"Whither is Humbert marching?"

"That is right easily answered," replied Patrick coolly; "he is marching to plant the flag of liberty on the summit of Dublin Castle."

The earl's face grew purple with sudden wrath, and a sombre frown knitted the heavy brows of Col. Crawford.

"This is no time for trifling, sir," said the latter sharply, "and you had better not attempt it with us. Humbert's journey will come to an abrupt close before he gets many stages nearer Dublin. What we require to know, and what you must immediately tell us on your peril, is where he intends to make his next halting place, also what is the immediate object of his march."

"Yonder he goes," said Barrett with a quiet and contemptuous laugh, pointing to the southward. "Had you not better overtake him and ascertain his destination for yourself?"

"You are an impudent rascal," said the earl fiercely. "We shall catch you running gate soon enough, aye, and string up your fellow rebels by the score, even though the French and croppy cowards run from us so quickly."

"But not quite so quickly, my lord, as you and your Foxhunters ran from Castlebar," was the hot retort, before which Roden winced as at the cut of a whip, the purple rage in his face increasing to apoplectic pitch.

"Enough! you abuse our leniency. Now we shall proceed to make you speak. We shall have your information, and with it a goodly amount of your skin and flesh, and then you shall hang. Tie him up to yonder tree, men. Quick, sergeant, call the buglers here and bid them bring their cats, and fetch a rope to finish up the business."

"You scoundrel!" roared the irate peer shaking his fist close to the nose of the prisoner, whose face, though pale, wore a fixed look of scorn, "you shall bitterly rue your insolence and howl and whine for mercy when scraps of your accursed croppy flesh are flying in the air! Hasten your preparations, sergeant."

"Beg pardon, my lord," said the officer addressed, but the buglers are away to the front. Another skirmish with the enemy is going on."

There as a short listening pause as the sustained reports of musketry came borne on the breeze.

"Our bloodhounds are giving cry," remarked Crawford, carelessly seating himself on a bank and lighting a cigar.

The scene was the close neighborhood of a farmhouse, whose sheltering trees overhung the road. The place was being plundered by the troopers, and, even as the group on the road were debating how best to torture their prisoner, a fearful shriek rang out, and the unfortunate owner of the dwelling, who had been hiding from the plunderers in terror of his life, sprang through the doorway, closely pursued by two Hessians. The poor fugitive peasant had gained the centre of the roadway when a carbine shot rang out and he fell dead. His wretched widow rushed forth and fainted upon his bleeding body; his little children gathered around and filled the air with piteous cries of grief and despair.

The spectators cast only a casual glance of indifference on the mournful group—all save Patrick Barrett, whose heart was so filled with sudden burning grief and compassion at the sight that he almost forgot his own critical predicament.

To this, however, his mind was soon sharply recalled.

With a demoniac smile the Foxhunter sergeant saluted his commander.

"As we cannot accommodate the rebel with a flogging just now, my lord," he said, "I would suggest we try picketing. Your lordship has often seen it tried, and knows what a splendid thing it is to open a man's mouth."

"Right, Hickson! well suggested, indeed," exclaimed Roden, gleefully rubbing his hands at the prospect of the forthcoming exhibition of torment. "Give the infernal croppy a dose of it at once. Many a Wexford rebel have I seen it tried upon with the best results."

And his lordship, following Crawford's example, lighted a cigar and sat himself down to enjoy with gusto the congenial spectacle.

The arrangements were brief in preparation. The faces of Hessians and Foxhunters shone with savage exultation, as with alacrity they set to perform the picketing—a punishment originally in vogue in the English cavalry regiments, but made sadly familiar to the Irish peasants in the devilish attempts to drive the people into insurrection.

Barrett was rudely hurled to the ground and his boots and stockings stripped off. Then he was kicked to his feet, and compelled to mount a table, which was taken out of the house for the purpose. One end of a short cord was tied to his right hand and the other to a projecting branch of a tree, at about nine feet from the ground. A short stake, or picket, was procured from a neighboring fence by a Hessian, who whittled each end of it to a sharp point with his sabre, and then planted it directly under the bough to which Barrett's wrist was tied. The table was drawn away, and the prisoner left helplessly dangling. The whole weight of his body was suspended by the cord around his wrist, but he had the miserable alternative of relieving the strain by resting the sole of his bare foot on the sharp point of the picket, which bristled within his reach beneath him.

He gasped with acute pain when, involuntarily placing his foot on this treacherous support, the sharp wooden point seemed to penetrate deep into his flesh. He made a desperate effort to grasp with his left hand the cord by which he was suspended, but his futile writhing effort only drew a hoarse guffaw of merriment from his brutal torturers.

"Ha, ha, croppy! how do you like it?" tauntingly inquired Roden. "Pleasant experience, is it not? Ha! you're quite willing now, I daresay, to tell us all about Humbert and his movements, or, if not, you'll pretty soon be."

"Devils, do your worst!" almost screamed the tortured Barrett.

A shower of sparks descended upon him as he spoke; a dark cloud of smoke whirled around him. The Hessians had fired the plundered homestead of their murdered victim, and they now cheered with diabolical joy as the fierce tongues of flame shot through the thatch, leaping high athwart the eve shadowed heavens and shining upon that piteous group on the roadway—the dead father, the insensible mother, the wildly lamenting children.

And, dimly seen amid the murky smoke and flying sparks, the suspended figure of the captive, undergoing torture by Roden's and Hompesch's white savages, twisted and writhed, contracted and relaxed, now with a foot on the cruel stake now swaying with full weight from the still more cruel cord, while his every effort made greater the strain on his wrist, on which a circlet of fire seemed burning into his very marrow. He seemed going mad with agony. No longer did he pay any heed to the yells and jibes of his persecutors.

"Whither is Humbert marching? You will tell us now!"

But the mocking demands of the Orange earl sounded only like a faint echo in ears rendered by pain almost insensible to their purport.

Hark! A sudden prodigious clattering of horses' hoofs; a crackling of shots; a bursting into the conflagration-illumed space of a number of retreating horsemen, pressed hard by others who struck at them with flashing sabres; a wild Gallic hurrah ringing out in the evening air.

"To arms! the French, the French!"

Roden and Crawford hastily sprang into their saddles and fled for their lives. Several of their men, with cloven skulls, were already lying in the glare of the burning house. The burly Foxhunter sergeant, the proposer of picketing, seized his carbine and aimed at the heart of Patrick Barrett, but he opportunely attracted the attention of Lisette and fell dead, his brain pierced by a ball from the pistol of that dashing daughter of the regiment.

A slash of a sabre severed the cord by which the late captive was suspended; and his body, now limp and motionless—for he had at length fainted under the excruciating pain—was received into the arms of Bartholomew Teeling.

"Not dead, eh?" inquired the Baron O'Dowda as he rode up, his sabre dripping with blood.

"Thank Heaven, no," replied the young Ulsterman; "his heart beats, he will live, but I fear they have marred him for life."

"He has got off with comparative safety, then," commented the barron grimly; "I have known many to die or become insane under the late operation."

Barrett was stretched on the ground, his back and shoulders supported on the corpse of a Hessian, while Lisette bathed his brows and held a flask of brandy to his lips.

"Helas, poor boy," she murmured with deep sympathy, "what fiends those English must be! See his pierced and bleeding feet—his swollen wrist, where the sharp cord has bitten so deeply. But I shall curse him, *ma foi*, so that he shall have good revenge."

*"Another circumstance which contributed to promote the cause of rebellion in those counties, and to cement its votaries, by a bond still more binding than the oath of the United Irishmen, or Defenders, was the propagation of the mysteries of the Carmelites among the Roman Catholics."—*Sir Richard Musgrave.*

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

WOMEN ARE BRIGHTER

Than They Used to be, and are Rapidly Assuming the Luminosity of Morning Stars—Eleanor Kirk Thinks They Beat Dull Men Out of Their Boots—A Few Hints About Dresses and Things.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 16.—It is my firm and unalterable conviction that more women have gone to their graves through want of sympathy and appreciation than for any other reason, not excepting corsets, high heeled shoes and over work. If a woman has a bright idea there is generally a man in the immediate vicinity to throw cold water on it, not forgetting to snub the whole sex while he empties the vessel. "What do you know about business?" "What experience have you ever had that would enable you to judge in so important a matter?" these puffed up individuals inquire.

Now it makes every drop of blood in my veins bubble and boil when I see capable and kindly women extinguished in this fashion. It angers me to think that they have not more stamina, more self reliance, more dignity, and better than all, more self esteem. This last is what every woman of brains should try to develope.

I am always thankful when a man who disregards the opinion of his superior wife comes to grief. I like to see him tumble. He belongs on the ground and should be kept there until he has more respect for high qualities. "Let not a woman interfere with her husband's business," is the advice we often hear given. Isn't her husband's business her business and her children's I should like to know? If she sees a screw loose in some department of the physical and domestic machinery, is she not to call attention to it because she has never made screws or worked on machinery?

A woman usually is a far better judge of character than a man. I have in mind now a husband who, needing a partner in a large mercantile house, arranged with a man whom he had known only a short time, and whom his wife had never seen. The future partner was invited to dinner one evening, and the wife took an immediate and awful dislike to him. She begged her husband to go no farther. "You will lose your money," she told him. As it was a matter of twenty five thousand dollars, and the whole of their fortune, there was considerable at stake. The relations between husband and wife became strained after this. She was so sure, and he was so angry at what he called her foolish prejudice and presumption in supposing that she knew more about his affairs than he knew himself, and he scarcely spoke to her for weeks. At the expiration of six months there was a crash, and every penny of the little fortune was lost—transferred, as everybody then believed, from the honest to the dishonest man. It was a complicated case, but subsequent events proved it was a case of swindle.

There isn't a woman who reads this letter who hasn't seen just such things, if she hasn't herself been a sufferer. This comes from the low estimate of women by both men and women. The latter from time immemorial have accepted the verdict of the former, and every year has served to more fully establish the doctrine of women's inferiority to man in matters of judgment. There never was a greater fallacy before the world. A reaction had to come, and now we are in the thick of it. I love the "ever womanly." I would not have a woman assert herself in masculine ways. Being a woman I know how sweet and precious are sympathy and appreciation, and now hard it is to do without them. But I do counsel my sisters to think more of the practical and educational and less of the emotional. It is no credit to any woman to be "a bundle of nerves." And if women have ideas I charge them to generally work them into shape and get them to paying before they submit them to the cold water douche which is sure to follw the presentation of any original scheme. To make this a bit personal, it is heaven's truth that when once upon a time I found it necessary for the sake of so paltry a thing as the shelter of a roof, and a few such minor necessities as bread and butter, to earn some money, I asked a sub editor's advice about writing for the press. "Get a sewing machine," said he, "and make overalls for three cents a pair first."

He was a fool and I knew it. He knew it afterwards, when the editor in chief of the same paper sought and paid me well for everything I wrote. That is the way I got even with him.

Anyway, the signs of the times are most encouraging. Women are now coming to the front in all professions and as inventors also. They are paid for ideas by great corporations, by railroad companies and others who care for the health and pleasure of the traveling public, and now, with our drawing room, dining room, and library cars, there really seems not much more to wish for in the way of traveling comforts and conveniences. We can have our luxurious armchairs and sofas, the latest periodicals and novels, can dictate our business or social letters to skilled operators on the Remington typewriter, all the while we are rushing through space at the rate of fifty-two miles an hour. What we shall attain to in the next decade is known only to the band of gods who are responsible for the evolution of machinery, and who certainly seem to have outstripped all others in the race. The moral, political and intellectual evolution is very slow compared with the scientific, showing conclusively that the work which employs both the hand and the brain is the work that succeeds.

If those of my readers who have written poems and have sent them to periodicals without ever having had one accepted, will send me a sample of their work—one poem—I will perhaps use it in a periodical of my own. The conditions are that the manuscript shall be legible, that I am not expected to return it, and that no compensation will be given. In other words the poems in every instance must be a free gift. If convenient I would like the names of the magazines to which the verses have been sent.

Miss M. G. Anderson, so well and practically known to my readers as a prompt and economical shopper, asks me to say to her friends that she has removed to 451 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. There is now a great run on cloaks and wraps and she is buying these garments for women from Maine to Texas at bargains, also overcoats for boys.

So much has been said and written lately about infant's wardrobes and the requirements of style in these matters that I decided to go to the headquarters, viz, the Lilliputian Bazaar, and ask Mr. Best a few straight questions. The first one was—"Is it necessary, in order to conform to the present style, that infants' slips and dresses should be made by hand?'

"It is a question of preference entirely," was the answer. "Some ladies do not like to have their dainty articles put through the machine, so there is always a line of the hand made to suit such customers."

I found very lovely hand made dresses for two dollars and seventy five cents, and charming little Nainsook slips for ninety eight cents. These, of course, were made by machine. For the benefit of those who desire to have their layettes as pretty as possible, and who do not feel able to buy the hand made, there is no "must" in the matter. One is as fashionable as the other.

ELEANOR KIRK

The Best Authorities,

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof. Gross, and others, agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cures catarrh.

Map of the United States.

A large, handsome map of the United States, mounted, and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of twelve cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) *July 11.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

CLAIMS HE IS INNOCENT

Dr. McAdams, the Alleged Gardner, Ills., Burglar.

EMPLOYED BY A DETECTIVE AGENCY

The Doctor Explains That He Was Endeavoring to Capture Real Culprits—Attempted Double Murder and Suicide at Elkhart, Ind.—Safe Breakers Secure About $1,000 at Strong Prairie, Wis.—A Woman with a Cowhide.

GARDNER, Ills., Nov. 23.—The good people of Gardner slept sounder Saturday night than they have for many nights, and went to church Sunday morning with lighter hearts and said their prayers with more fervor than for many Sundays. A dangerous gang of burglars and law-breakers has been broken up, and, while there is a feeling that there should be some more men behind the bars than there are, the one man who is considered responsible for the past misdeeds is under double bolt and bar. Dr. J. E. McAdams, charged with burglary and attempted safe-breaking, is guarded by double Nelson lock, and a boon companion, against whom suspicion points, is keeping him company.

Dr. McAdams' Defense.

After the arrest of Dr. McAdams he produced a big nickel star and the credentials accompanying it, which set forth that he was a regularly appointed detective in the employ of the Grannon Detective agency of Cincinnati. Inside the lining of his vest, and carefully stitched in, were letters from William Twining, who acted the role of detective on behalf of President J. C. Lutz of the Bank of Gardner, in which Twining had accepted the proposals to assist in the burglary and in other ways incriminating himself. Dr. McAdams will go before the court with a plea of having acted as a detective to capture the real offenders. Dr. McAdams' wife, a handsome young woman, protests the innocence of her husband and claims he is the victim of a plot. He was in bed Friday night when a man called him out and asked to have a tooth pulled.

Twining Not To Be Found.

She says her husband gave his office key to the stranger, following him there as soon as he had dressed. The doctor's story about being a detective was unknown to her, however, until he was brought home just before midnight with his arm wounded and under arrest for burglary. William Twining, the novice at detecting, cannot be found, though Mr. Lutz claims he was sent away and will be produced when wanted as a witness. He was the go-between for McAdam and a fourth man who is wanted badly by the authorities and the bank people. Mr. Lutz claims to know who the fourth man is who acted as rear guard, and, further, he exonerated Twining from any wrong doing. Twining is the stepson of Mr. Lutz' partner, E. Eldred.

ONE BULLET SPED HOME.

An Elkhart, Ind., Man Shoots His Wife, Her Escort, and Himself

ELKHART, Nov. 23.—Harry Eves and his wife, Nellie, came here about a year ago and for some time have lived unhappily together. A week ago they separated, taking different apartments, and she applied for a divorce. Saturday night Mrs. Eves and William S. Cooper attended an entertainment at the Opera house, and upon its dismissal walked down a cross street about half a block, when they were overtaken by the woman's husband, who presented a revolver, saying "I'll shoot h—— out of you," and at once discharged two shots at Cooper, one of them missing him and the other entering just below the heart and passing up into the shoulder. Then grasping his wife he pushed her against a fence and discharged two shots at her, one of them missing her entirely, while the other made a flesh wound in her right hand.

Shot Himself Dead.

Eves then placed the revolver against the right side of his head and shot himself dead. Cooper and the woman made their escape to the Central hotel, where Cooper boarded, and were found there soon after by the police. Eves' body was removed to an undertaking establishment and Cooper and the woman were placed under surveillance for the night. Sunday morning, while making her statement at the undertaker's, Mrs. Eves manifested not the slightest emotion, and walked past the dead body of her husband without a quiver. It is thought highly probable that Cooper cannot live, as he suffers greatly and the ball has not been found.

Cracksmen at Strong Prairie, Wis.

NECEDAH, Nov. 23.—A daring burglary was committed early Sunday morning at Strong Prairie, the thieves securing about $1,000. They broke into the store of John Fiegel & Son, and drilling a hole in the safe blew it open with dynamite. The indications are that there were two burglars and they must have been at work for several hours, but as no one was in the building they were pretty safe from being discovered. They have been tracked to this city and thence north from here, the trail being soon lost and there is no other clew to them. Officers are out in all directions. It is believed the job was done by expert cracksmen.

She Used a Horsewhip.

HOMER, Mich., Nov. 23.—Mrs. Albert Randolph, a bride of seven weeks, publicly horsewhipped her husband and two other men Sunday night. Seven weeks ago Randolph married Jennie Taylor, 18 years of age. He has been drinking heavily ever since. She lately visited the bars in town and forbade the sale of liquor to her husband. He got it nevertheless, and, believing Ericke Decker and Pat McEwan were furnishing him with intoxicants, she lay in wait for them and lashed them with a cowhide. Her husband attempted to interfere, when she turned and gave him a lashing.

Suicide of an Insane Expert.

JACKSONVILLE, Ills., Nov. 23.—Dr. McFarland, of national insane asylum fame, committed suicide in this city Sunday night. Dr. McFarland was well along in years and one of the best known authorities on insanity in the state. He was at the head of a large private asylum in this city. No cause for the rash deed has yet been discovered.

Killed a U. S. Deputy Marshal.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 23.—Near Guin, Marion county, a party of United States deputy marshals, led by Collector Hamlin, Friday raided a number of moonshiners and captured two, who were sent to the Hamilton jail. Saturday afternoon some of the party of United States officers surrounded Bell Young, a noted moonshiner, and arrested him. He drew his pistol and fired, killing Deputy Marshal Osburn. Young fled, and fifty shots were fired at him, but he escaped, apparently not touched.

Tried to Shoot Him.

VIRGINIA, Ills., Nov. 23.—John Norris, who it was reported eloped with Maggie Wilkinson Friday night, returned to the city along Saturday evening. The girl's parents have been unable to ascertain the whereabouts of the girl. Mr. Wilkinson met Norris on the street and the two engaged in conversation regarding the affair, which resulted in the latter shooting at Wilkinson, the bullet narrowly missing Wilson Ayres, a bystander. Norris is now in the county jail.

Stabbing Affray at Lynn.

LYNN, Mass., Nov. 23.—In a street quarrel Saturday night two men, John Comer and William Cross, morocco dressers, were badly cut by a party of Armenian morocco workers. Cross received severe cuts in the face and Comer was stabbed six times around the back, neck, and head, but neither is fatally injured. Although pursued by a large crowd their assailants are still at large.

An Editor Recommended for Mercy.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Nov. 23.—In a suit for libel brought by A. J. Womelsdorf, a prominent mining engineer of this city, against J. M. Place and Rufus R. Wilson, proprietors of the Pennsylvania Telegram, a sensational sheet published at Reading, a verdict of guilty was rendered with a recommendation to the mercy of the court for Wilson.

Let Him Be Promptly Hanged.

FLORENCE, Kan., Nov. 23.—Last Thursday evening Hugh O'Neil beat his wife to death and then locked the body in the room and fled. They had quarreled over his drinking, and she was preparing to go to her father. The body was found next day, and O'Neil was traced to Cottonwood Falls, where he was arrested.

HURRICANE IN THE EAST.

Destruction of Buildings and Loss of Life Reported at Washington.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 23.—This city has been without communication with Washington since early Monday morning. The last intelligence received from that city was a telephone message stating that a terrific hurricane was raging and that several people had been killed. It was also said that great destruction to buildings had been caused by the tornado, many being unroofed. Immediately after the receipt of this information the wire went down and nothing further has been heard

Great Havoc Wrought.

All the telegraphic wires are also interrupted, giving evidence of the fury of the gale. It is evident that the havoc wrought must have been great, as even at this distance the wind blew at the rate of fifty miles per hour and signs, chimney pots and everything movable was sent flying. Advices from neighboring cities show that the hurricane is general in this section, being accompanied in many instances by furious rainstorms amounting almost to cloudbursts.

WILL BE NO STRIKE.

An Agreement Reached on the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis Road.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 23.—The conferences which have been held between committees of the brakemen and conductors of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis railroad and the officers of the road were concluded at a late hour Saturday morning. The conference resulted in a compromise of all the matters in dispute and there will be no strike. The men dropped the race question and the demand that negroes be no longer employed on the road.

The Scale of Wages.

The railway officials agreed to make ten hours a day's work on local passenger and freight trains, the conductors to receive $3.50 per day and the brakemen $2.50. The wages of the brakemen and conductors on through trains were fixed at 2 cents and 3 cents respectively per mile, 100 miles to constitute a day's work. The agreement arrived at also provides for pay for overtime, which the men demanded.

Spread of Influenza.

HAMAURG, Nov. 23.—Great dismay exists in the city over the spread of influenza. The number of deaths in the past week was 280 above the average, and there is no present sign of an abatement of the epidemic. As to the origin of the disease some claim that it was brought here from Russia, and others from America, although it is not known to have been raging in America for some time past. The authorities incline to the Russian theory, and there is talk of establishing a quarantine against Russian emigrants coming to Hamburg. The dreaded feature of the disease is the large proportion of fatalities.

Fought His Last Fight.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—John Hellinger, a lad of 17 years, recently challenged to fight any boy or man of 117 pounds on the east side for a stake. He kept in training until Friday night, when he fought George J. Altman, a boy of his own age. Altman had the better of the fight and in the sixth round gave Hellinger a left-hand swinging blow on the right temple which felled him. Hellinger was unable to respond, and the fight was given to Altman. Hellinger was carried home in an express wagon, and died Sunday morning from the effects of the fight.

Second Yield Cherries.

SEDALIA, Mo., Nov. 23.—A strange freak of nature was exhibited in Sedalia in the shape of some cherries which were of the second yield this season. They grew on the farm of Michael McNutt, at Kemp Postoffice, north of Sedalia. Mr. McNutt says that soon after the first regular fruit had been picked and the old leaves had fallen off the new buds and leaves made their appearance, the result being a tolerably well developed crop of cherries, many of which had turned red

Blazing Cotton at Paris, Tex.

PARIS, Nov. 23.—A fire broke out at the cotton compress at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon, and spread so rapidly that before it was gotten under control at 5 o'clock, about three thousand bales of cotton were burned and damaged. The loss on the cotton and to the platform will exceed $100,000.

BAD FOR DA FONSECA.

Two of His Gunboats Damaged by the Rebels.

SPIRITED FIGHT OFF RIO GRANDE.

The Vessels of the Dictator Attempt to Enter the Lake Leading to the Capital of the Republica do Sul but Make a Dismal Failure—Overtures of Peace Refused by the Junta—Active Preparations for Hostilities.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—The cablegrams from Brazil briefly announce that there has been a sharp engagement off Rio Grande, at the entrance to the lake or river leading up to Porto Alegre, the capital of the new "Republica do Sul" where the vessels sent en reconnoisance by Marshal Da Fonseca were defeated. They found that the insurgents had most cleverly fortified the approaches to the bar, near Rio Grande, over which vessels drawing only thirteen feet can pass, and that a heavy bombardment was necessary to force that passage. The two gunboats and the torpedo boat sent to reconnoitre the place appear, according to the cable message, to have been hit several times. One of the gunboats is reported as severely damaged and the torpedo boat which pushed pluckily to the front and tried to get over the bar, is reported to have been riddled by Gatling guns. From this it is presumed that a rapid fire gun was brought to bear upon her and succeeded in finding the bullseye.

A Plea for Peace.

The Times prints a dispatch from its correspondent at Santiago de Chili saying that Baron Lucerna, the president of Marshal Da Fonseca's council of ministers, has telegraphed to the junta, in the name of Da Fonseca, begging for peace and offering to restore or to establish any form of local self-government that the people of Rio Grande do Sul desire. The junta is also asked to state the causes of their grievances and to name the conditions upon which they will disband their forces. To this appeal, according to The Times dispatch, the junta promptly replied that it would only disarm its forces when Marshal Da Fonseca has resigned the presidency and the dictatorship and when the constitution of the United States of Brazil is again respected throughout the length and breadth of Brazil. All differences of opinion among the members of the junta seem to have been definitely settled by the withdrawal of the "Peace at any price" party from their councils.

Warlike Preparations Continue.

According to one cable message received here Da Fonseca's overthrow seems to be the main point which the junta and its supporters now have in view, and it is said that they will be satisfied with nothing less than his downfall and his punishment for violating the constitution of the United States of Brazil and for assuming the powers of a dictator. Warlike preparations are continuing with enthusiasm and increased vigor in the province of Rio Grande, and a formidable army will soon be mustered under the new flag of the revolted province (a white ground with a red ball). From another source comes a cablegram saying simply: "Fonseca's warship failed to force the passage of Rio Grande." From this it is judged that the report as to the attack made by the dictator's two gunboats and a torpedo boat previously referred to, is in the main correct.

Deputies from Rio Grande Imprisoned.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Brazilian advices to The Herald by way of Valparaiso are to the effect that from official sources the statement is made that Dictator Fonseca has heard by wire from all of the governors of the states in the republic, and that every message announces adherence to the new form of government. On the other hand it is asserted that Fonseca has imprisoned all of the deputies from the state of Rio Grande do Sul, with the exception of four, who fled in time to avoid arrest. Admiral Waudenkolk, it is also asserted, has joined the insurgents. The latter have named General Ossorio as the chief of their military forces.

Captain Schley's Request Granted.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—The Herald's Valparaiso special says that Captain Schley has received a communication from Judge of Crimes Foster stating that the requests made some time ago by Captain Schley regarding the investigation of the recent riot, are granted. The American representatives will therefore be furnished by the court of inquiry with copies of all depositions made before it in the Baltimore investigation. President Montt was Thursday declared president by the electoral college.

THE CZAR'S DECREE.

He Issues the Ukase Prohibiting the Exportation of Wheat.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 23.—Contrary to the announcement made a few days ago that nothing further would be done in connection with the question of exporting wheat from Russia until the czar's return from Livadia early in December, a ukase from his majesty was issued Saturday prohibiting the export of wheat and wheat products from Russia. This prohibition, which will go into effect next Monday, will be executed under the same conditions as those governing the prohibition recently decreed against the export of oats.

Cable Car Accident at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—The grip of a Lincoln avenue train broke in the La Salle street tunnel when traffic was heavy Thursday night and collided with a Clybourne avenue train. George Snell, living at 115 Locust street, who was standing on the coupling bar, was jammed between the dash boards and had his right leg crushed. The limb was amputated at the Alexian Bros.' hospital. He is a scenic artist employed by Sosman & Landis, 236 South Clinton street. Fifteen minutes after the accident a thumb was found in the tunnel. It belonged to Ernest Braumer of 17 East Division street, who was knocked down by another train.

Bought Up by the Trust.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—The cordage trust bought out the last independent plant for the manufacture of twine, that of William Deering & Co., located in Chicago at Clybourn and Fullerton avenues. The trust paid $250,000 for the Deering plant, and the announcement of the sale was made Friday. It is said the cordage trust has mortgaged its properties for $6,000,000, and will now put up the price of twine to the consumers.

FARMERS AT INDIANAPOLIS.

The Supreme Council of the Alliance Winding Up Its Business.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 23.—The various farmers' organizations have nearly completed their work, and the supreme council of the Alliance, which is holding out the longest, will probably finish its work shortly. Friday the Farmers' Mutual Benefit association adjourned after amending its constitution so as to admit to membership women and men over 18 years of age. It resolved not to amalgamate with any other organization until the February meeting. The Farmers' Mutual Benefit association re-elected Treasurer Haines and the following board of trustees: E. M. Poe of Missouri, T. W. Wilson of Illinois, J. T. Reed of Ohio and I. N. Miller of Indiana. The delegates to the February meeting were instructed to vote for independent political action. The Alliance Friday changed its constitution to admit women.

Charges Against McCune.

The anti-sub-treasury people after issuing a call for a convention at Memphis Dec. 16, published a two-column card charging Mr. McCune with wrecking the Texas Alliance exchange and making big money thereby and with trying to sell out the Alliance to the old political parties. Most of these charges were made at the Ocala meeting. The Reform Press association threatens to bolt the Alliance if the State Agents' association carries out its purpose of making all purchases through the National Union company. The People's party men are the best satisfied of all those who have gathered here. They claim to have secured all they came for and even more. Friday night the national executive committee issued an address to the people of the United States.

STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Two Physicians and a Liveryman Caught in the Act of Safe-Blowing.

JOLIET, Ills., Nov. 23.—Gardiner, twenty-eight miles from here, is greatly excited over the discovery that two of the city's leading physicians and a livery stable keeper are responsible for the recent daring burglaries that have alarmed the citizens. Drs. Boyes and McAdam and Livery Stableman Briggs were discovered early Saturday morning trying to blow open the safe of the Gardiner bank. Burglaries have been frequent during the last year and a detective was employed to ferret out the thieves.

Shot One of the Doctors.

He suspected the trio and joined them in order to get at their secrets. He helped them to plan the burglary of the bank and while they were in the act of blowing open the safe called on them to surrender. They resisted and attempted to escape. The detective shot Dr. McAdam and brought him down and captured Dr. Boyes. Briggs escaped. It is said this gang recently robbed James Keon, a resident, of $600, and committed several other daring burglaries. The doctors are regular practicing physicians and stood well in the public confidence.

HAS ENOUGH OF AFRICA.

No Inducement Will Ever Get Baron Von Wissman There Again.

CAIRO, Nov. 20.—Baron Von Wissman, commissioner of German East Africa, who is lying ill here of pneumonia, the result of the severe trials encountered in his expedition to Kilima Njaro, was reported Friday to be improving. Major Wissman states that on his recovery he will return to Germany and insist on his resignation as commissioner of German East Africa being accepted and that no inducements will ever get him to return to East Africa again.

Not the Success Pictured.

During this expedition Baron Von Wissmann had several severe fights with the natives, the German official newspapers always claiming easy victories for the force under his command; one report published in The Tageblatt March 6 last stating that after punishing the Kibesh tribe he captured 60,000 head of cattle and a large amount of ammunition and ivory. It is now believed in Angro-European circles here that Baron Von Wissmann's expedition was anything but the success pictured by the Berlin newspapers.

VICTIMS OF NATURAL GAS.

Several Persons in Indiana and Ohio Asphyxiated.

ANDERSON, Ind., Nov. 19.—Natural gas caused the asphyxiation of a whole family named Huffman at Lapelle. The family, consisting of Mrs. Mary Huffman and two grown up sons named Pater and Newton, left the gas burning in the stove at high pressure when they went to sleep. The fire was put out during the night by an imperfect draft and gas filled the room. Newton was found dead in the morning and the others cannot recover.

DAYTON, O., Nov. 20.—An aged couple, James Ellis and wife, were found dead in their home at Troy, from inhaling natural gas, and their three children were unconscious but may live. The fire was left burning in the cook stove, but from irregular pressure went out. The valves being open the gas soon filled the house.

The Virginia State Debt.

RICHMOND, Nov. 20.—An agreement has been reached between the Virginia state debt commission and the Olcott commission representing the foreign bondholders. It provides that all bonds of the state not heretofore funded in Riddleberger's shall be lumped in a capital of $19,0.0,000 bearing 2 per cent. interest for ten years and 3 per cent. for ninety years. This will make the total indebtedness of the state about $24,000,000, as about $8,000,000 has already been funded in Riddleberger 3 per cents. It is expected that the legislature and the bondholders will promptly ratify this agreement.

Speculated with the Bank's Funds.

ARLINGTON, Minn., Nov. 20.—J. A. Oblinger, postmaster and owner of the Arlington bank, is a defaulter in the extent of $6,000, which he lost in speculation. State Senator Steinyuth is his bondsman.

Yale Defeats Harard.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 23.—The foot ball games between Yale and Harard was witnessed by a large crowd of enthusiastic people. The game was spirited and resulted in a score of 10 to 0 in favor of Yale.

The Town Was Badly Scorched.

CORRECTIONSVILLE, Ia., Nov. 23.—A fire here Friday destroyed about twenty buildings, including the Lamp block, which contained the opera house. The losses aggregate $80,000.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF

Important Events of a Week Boiled Down to Short Meter.

The Farmers' Alliance of the Fourth congressional district of Michigan has purchased the South Huron Messenger, and will continue its publication as an Alliance organ.

Dr. J. W. Hathaway of Sioux City has brought suit against The Republican of Algona, Ia., for $10,000 damages for libel.

The Nevada state board of trade at large has adopted a resolution assuring western railroads that it will do its part to aid and encourage the first company that begins the construction of a line into that state.

An artesian well with a pressure of 125 pounds to the square inch and a flow of 320 gallons of water per minute has been struck on the Brayton ranch at Alpena, S. D.

The body of Edward Platzer, an Austrian stowaway, was found in the hold of the steamer Moravia. He had starved to death.

The store and postoffice building of M. B. Dalton at Irvington, Ia., was destroyed by fire, all the mail matter being consumed. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The Newark, N. J., common council has decided to license bootblacks with a view of lessening the volume of street profanity.

J. Montgomery Sears of Boston pays $200,000 a year in city taxes.

John Brennan, an employe of the Hercules Iron works at Aurora, Ills., was crushed to death by a coil of pipe falling upon him.

The name of one of the old cities of China, when literally translated, is "Chrysanthemum City," and Confucius, 500 years before Christ, speaks of this noble flower that the world makes the rage this season of the year.

The Augusta, Ga., exposition is conceded to be the finest ever held in the South Atlantic states. Twenty-four states contribute to make the exposition national in name as well as in extent and variety of exhibits.

The Russian minister of finance is contemplating a proposal for a monopoly by the government of the production of spirits and tobacco.

* * *

Leo Webb, Marshal Webb and Warren Walters of Brookside, Colo., were seriously burned by the explosion of a can of oil which they placed on the stove to warm.

The people of Chavagnac, France, the cradle of the Lafayette family, have erected a monument to the memory of General Lafayette and his son and grandson.

The Republicans were badly defeated in Sunday's municipal elections at Lisbon, Portugal. Last year they swept everything before them.

Henry L. Gallup of Fort Madison, Ia., was run over by a Santa Fe train and killed.

Michael Ruddy of Wilkesbarre, Pa., committed suicide by pouring oil over himself and applying a match. He was insane.

The first cruiser, the Constance, built for the Canadian government's protection of its fishing industry, has been launched.

The average circulation of the 4,000 books published in Russia last year was 800 copies each.

The hundred-and-twentieth thousand of Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is on sale in London.

William Schramm of Burlington, Ia., was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting near that city.

At Lauenberg, Germany, fire destroyed fourteen houses, and two children perished in the flames.

Seventy grocers will be tried at St. Louis this week charged with selling oleomargarine without licenses.

The last cargo of ore for the season has been shipped from Ashland, Wis. Total shipments for the season are 500,000 tons.

Frost and snow are reported in the northwest wheat belt, and a dispatch from Bismarck, N. D., says that one-fourth of the crop is yet to be threshed.

* * *

There is about two and one half gallons of whisky now on hand for every man, woman and child in the United States.

George Ditch, charged with attempted assault last May on Miss Anna Gerber of Normal, teacher of the Glendale school, near East Peoria, Ills., has been sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary.

George Zoeckler, Sr., a wealthy business man of Wheeling, W. Va., blew out his brains. He had been troubled with insomnia.

It is said that Asa C. Matthews is seeking the nomination for governor of Illinois on the Republican ticket.

An earthquake shock was felt at Bowling Green, Ky.

While Frank Raynor and his brother were hunting near Celina, O., the gun of the former was accidentally discharged, killing him instantly and fatally injuring the brother.

John Dower of Celina, O., fell eighty feet from a church spire and was killed.

The German reichstag has reassembled at Berlin.

Bromwell Booth astonished London and advertised the Salvation Army by giving a dinner to 600 thieves. He asked the queen to be a patroness.

Illinois Odd Fellows elected T. A. Murdock of Havana, grand patriarch; Samuel Baker of Chicago, grand high priest; H. T. Eberlein of Carrollton, grand senior warden, and W. H. Smallinger of Galesburg, grand junior warden.

Louis Hines of Monmouth, Ills., who was injured in a wreck on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road near that place a year ago, has brought suit for $50,000 damages against that company for injuries sustained.

At Helena, Mont., Monday night thermometers registered 14 degrees below zero; at Aberdeen, S. D., 12 below; at Bismarck, N. D., 10 below, and at Huron, S. D., 8 below.

Thomas Monahan, employed by the Chicago Construction company in building machine shops at Beloit, Wis., was killed by a heavy timber falling on him.

Henry Phipps, Jr., of Pittsburg, has offered to present the city with a $10,000 conservatory.

* * *

The First National bank of Platteville, Wis., has been authorized to begin business. The capital is $50,000.

James R. Thompson, a stockman of Colorado, Texas, has disappeared after securing $50,000 by swindling and forgery.

The whaling schooner Nicoline, Captain Herendon, has arrived at San Francisco, after an absence of over two years in the Arctic ocean. The schooner had several times been reported as lost.

William O'Brien, an inmate of the Michigan State Soldiers' Home, was found dead in the woods.

A series of base ball games between the All-America club and local teams has been arranged to begin at New Orleans Nov. 22.

Burglars secured $400 worth of plunder from Jones & Putnam's store at Constantine, Mich. No clew.

While suffering from an epileptic fit Louis Miller of Columbus, O., fell into a forge fire and was burned to death.

Mrs. James Calvo, of Atlanta, recently found her son who was stolen from her twenty-three years ago, he then being a child of 3.

Langlois & Son's store at Racine, Wis., was partly burned. John Langlois, Jr., one of the proprietors was suffocated with smoke.

John Fortigue shot and killed Robert Spalding at Isabel, Wis., in a quarrel over an armful of wood.

Engineer Smith, injured in the Grand Rapids and Indiana collision near Gibert's Siding, Mich., is dead.

Edward Howard, a boot and shoe dealer of Hartford, Mich., is missing, and creditors have secured attachments on his stock.

Charles E. Chubb, a young man from southern Michigan, who has been operating a fruit evaporator at Trenton, Ills., is missing. He is said to have left debts to the amount of $2,000.

The Mississippi is frozen over at Clinton, Ia.

* * *

W. H. Brotherton, who tried to wheel a barrow from San Francisco to Chicago, died in La Junta, Colo., of mountain fever.

The British steamers Rugby and Eddlethorpe collided in the Bosphorus, and the Eddlethorpe sank almost immediately. Three sailors were drowned.

The Northern Pacific has declared a regular quarterly dividend of 1 per cent. on preferred stock.

Clay county, Ind., operators have made arrangements enabling them to ship fifty cars of block coal a day to Chicago.

At Witt, Ills., a number of deaths from typhoid fever have occurred, in some instances whole families having died. The schools have been closed.

John T. Griffin knocked out James F. Larkin in the fourth round of a contest for the featherweight championship and a purse of $2,500 before the Olympic club at New Orleans.

Henry Talcott, interested in many business enterprises at Jefferson, O., has made an assignment. Liabilities, $55,000; assets considerably less.

A speculator named Robert was found guilty of fomenting a military revolt in Spain for the purpose of influencing stock exchange quotations, and has been sentenced by a military tribunal to twenty years imprisonment with hard labor.

Mrs. James Grogan has been awarded $5,000 damages against the Springfield Coal Mining company of Pana, Ills., for the death of her husband, who was killed while sinking a shaft for the company.

Chief of police of Berlin has given orders to meat inspectors to examine all boar meat for the purpose of discovering the presence of trichinæ.

Horace Hill, a machinist, of Norwalk, O., was killed by falling down stairs.

Mrs. Mary Spaulding of Champaign, Ills., has been elected president of the Illinois Order of Rebekah.

Counterfeit dimes are in circulation at Wabash, Ind.

In the suit of C. E. Hines against the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad for injuries sustained in a wreck near Monmouth, Ills., a year ago, the plaintiff was awarded $5,000 damages.

Stock yards and a large packing house are to be established at Salt Lake by the Kansas City Stock Yards company.

Sheep raising is being extensively adopted by the farmers of North Dakota.

Burt Crowley, a notorious inmate of the Bayfield (Wis.) county jail, died suddenly in that institution.

Pennsylvania will spend $75,000 on her house at the World's fair. Competitive designs speak well for its appearance.

* * *

Todd Bambrook of Jacksonville, Ills., fell into a vat of boiling water and was fatally scalded.

Tom Jester, a brakeman on the Iowa Central railroad, was killed at Marshalltown, Ia., by the overturning of a caboose.

President Sutton left the session of the Washington State Farmers' Alliance convention at Dayton, Wash., because delegates were selected to a third party convention.

Near Richland, Minn., Joseph Colburn and his step-son, Charles Peasley, quarreled, and the latter shot the former, killing him instantly.

James Franklin, a one-armed burglar confined in jail at Independence, Ia., made his escape by sawing through four brass locks.

Mrs. William McKinney of Clinton, Wis., hanged herself. She had been married but a short time.

Ex-Governor George Hoadly is dangerously ill with pneumonia at New York.

Austin Gibbons and Andy Bowen have been matched to fight for a purse of $2,500 before the New Orleans Olympic club Dec. 22.

The Kansas Equal Suffrage association wants the state constitution amended in such a manner as to permit women to vote for presidential electors.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice. Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 28, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Nat C. Goodwin.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Country Circus."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Jane."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Texas Steer."

THE AUDITORIUM.
Corner Wabash avenue and Congress street.—Grand Opera.

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.
Corner State and Randolph Streets.—The Stoddard Lectures.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"A Knotty Affair."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Two Old Cronies."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"J.C.S.," Detroit, Mich.—The Irish-American merchants and bankers of Philadelphia, headed by Robert Morris, contributed about $1,000,000, of the present money, to the support of the Continental Army, under Washington, at Valley Forge and elsewhere.

"ORTHODOX CATHOLIC," City—All Catholics are "orthodox." Otherwise they are not Catholics, except in name. On such questions, you had better apply for instruction and information to your pastor.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

A REVEREND EDITOR ON IRISH POLITICS.

The editor of the *Northwestern Chronicle*, published in St. Paul, Minn., is the Rev. Father John Conway, a young clergyman of profound learning, and of conspicuous talent. In a recent issue of his excellent paper, Father Conway had the following to say relative to the present unfortunate situation in Ireland:

"The fault lies not with the Irish, not even with the blackguards who revel in rows in the streets of Cork. It lies with those who should have known better, with the men who should have been able to settle their differences on an intellectual basis and not to inaugurate a reign of fierce passion by forcing a cruel contest upon a long suffering people. The Irish members of parliament and the Irish bishops and the Irish clergy should have had enough brain power and ethical restraint of passion to settle their differences between themselves in the Rotunda in Dublin rather than before the world in the streets of Cork. The most favorable opportunity for closing up the ranks of the parliamentary party was lost when clergymen and others spoke words of passionate hate over the open grave of one who, whatever his faults, was the best benefactor of his country. Minds of the weaker sort are saying that the present troubles in Ireland are a legacy left from the lapse of the lost leader. Rather are they an evidence of the painful fact that there is no gigantic brain in Ireland today capable of rising above passion and of following out a cold plan of political leadership without the aid of a mob. Mr. McCarthy never made pretense to be anything other than a litterateur, and it was a form of refined cruelty to force him from limning his graceful lines in ease and repose to take part in the village quarrels of Bundoran and Ballyhale. Mr. Redmond is put forward as the best representative of the late Mr. Parnell, and that gentleman's statesmanship seems to be entirely confined to his knowledge of a blackthorn. The position taken up by the bishops and the clergy was one calculated to provoke an enemy rather than to placate or to vanquish him. If those who refused to be ruled by the majority were to be brought into line, it was not by the billingsgate of Healy nor the bitterness of the clergy. If they were to be vanquished, it was not by a halting and vacillating attitude supplemented by a few letters from the archiepiscopal residence at Cashel, or by a plethora of them from Rutland square. If the life of the nation were at stake, why could not the venerable chief prelate of Munster or the more youthful one of Leinster get out of their safe retreats, use the magic power they are supposed to possess, shut the whisky shops of Cork, and see that the people act like Christians rather than like savages? Dignity might suffer, if judged by insular or antiquated canons, but the life blood of a nation is superior even to the episcopal dignity."

THE CITIZEN has written pretty strong opinions on the recent awful rows in Cork and elsewhere in Ireland, but nothing quite so radical as the editorial of Father Conway. To use an old, but graphic, phrase he has hit the nail upon the head, and that, too, in a manner that should sink deeply into the minds and hearts of those whom he addresses. THE CITIZEN is glad to recognize such progressiveness among the younger clergy as that displayed in the sentiments of Father Conway. A clergyman who knows how to deal with politics as politics, not as religion, is a valuable ally to the cause of liberty in any country. The great trouble with many of the prelates and clergy is that they fail to make proper distinction between the two. This is the main cause of disturbance between them and a large proportion of the Irish laity. A bishop or a priest has as good a right to cast his vote or express his opinion as any other citizen, but he has no right to exercise prelatic or sacerdotal authority to induce, or rather compel, others to adopt his politics.

Further on in his editorial, Father Conway says: "For a long time the presence of Irish clergy in political life has been defended on the ground of the exceptional condition, present and historical, of their country. Their success of late in the political field, even to the extent of seeing that political differences are argued out in respectable fashion, has been such a conspicuous failure as to make many wise men say that the best thing for the church in Ireland is to keep churchmen to the altars. If the Irish clergy have as much ability as they lay claim to, and as much learning as Maynooth—perhaps the best school of theology in the world—doles out, and if they have as much influence for good over their people as is supposed, why in heaven's name do they not use these attainments, and not have their Christianity held up before the world's gaze as a flat failure, and their civilization as higher in the far-distant days of the pagan Firbolgs than in the present time of the Christian Land Leaguers?"

AMNESTY, UNION AND EMIGRATION.

A monster meeting demanding amnesty for the remaining Irish political prisoners held in duress by England, was held in Limerick last Sunday, and was addressed by several leading Irishmen, including Michael Davitt, John E. Redmond and Edward Harrington. The speeches were all couched in what the English press terms "strong language," and unsparingly denounced the course pursued by Salisbury's government toward the unfortunate men now undergoing penal servitude. It is gratifying to note Davitt and Redmond speaking from the same platform and advocating the same policy. Let us hope that the incident is the beginning of the end of the unhappy and unfortunate Irish quarrel. Irish-Americans look anxiously across the ocean for the dawn of the day star of peace among brethren. That the Irish settled in this country have not lost either interest in or hope for Ireland is made manifest by the splendid demonstrations in honor of the Manchester martyrs held in this city and elsewhere throughout the republic on the evening of the 23d inst. Every man who is sincere in the cause on this side of the Atlantic calls for union—union on equal and honorable terms—not by the placing of one faction above the other. Out of the chaos of the recent fiercely contested Irish elections there appears a strong element of the Irish people who have not changed the principles of 1865-7 for mere provincial nationality. Already the British press is raising the alarm cry of a revival of Fenian sentiment and action. Well, supposing it does revive, who is to blame for it? England herself. She, by her leading statesmen, promised everything to Ireland short of actual independence if the Irish people remained quiet. They have remained quiet. Not even an evicting landlord or a merciless agent has been shot since Gladstone introduced his Home Rule bill six years ago.

Is Ireland any better off because of her quiescence? Has the volume of emigration decreased? The statistics of the emigration bureau show the contrary. England has made Ireland feel the bitterness of hope deferred. Hence the impatience of the masses, and hence the flame that occasionally shoots high into the night of Irish politics from the smouldering but inextinguishable fires of Fenianism. The words of the poet may again be fulfilled:

"And once again through Irish nights,
O'er every dark hill redly streaming,
And numerous as the heavenly lights
Our rebel fires were gleaming.
And tho' again might fall that flame,
Quenched in the blood of its devoted,
New chieftans rose, fresh clansmen came,
And again the old flag floated!"

If there is one thing more persistent than the persecution by the British, it is what Victor Hugo called "the splendid pertinacity of Irish resistance." There is nothing like it in all history. John Martin once said that if Ireland did not have the safety valve of emigration to America and Australia open, she would, like an over charged boiler, explode and bury the empire with her in common ruin. Emigration has been, next to famine, her chiefest curse, and it is a melancholy fact that thousands of young men and women leave Ireland each year who have no real occasion to do so. They are simply disgusted with English rule, and are dazzled by the splendor of America, which with great justice, they regard as their second mother. The enthusiasm of the Irish for America, while a good thing for this country, is not a good thing for Ireland. Emigration debilitates her, uses up her fighting strength, and sends the flower of her youth to build up the strength and the glory of other nations.

Just as in the 17th and 18th centuries, military emigration to France drained Ireland of her bravest and best, to the number of 500,000 splendid warriors, who left the immortal marks of their prowess on the most famous battlefields of broad Europe, so, in this century, America takes all that is best and boldest in Ireland from her year by year. A native government might be able to stem this death drain by giving the ambitious and adventurous youth of Ireland congenial employment at home, but if England continues to rule the Island much longer none but the old, the middle aged and the immature will be left upon her soil.

CONSUL W. E. SULLIVAN.

The Hon. W. E. Sullivan, late chief editor of the Chicago *Evening Journal*, has been appointed United States consul to Bermuda. The appointment is a worthy one, and reflects honor on Secretary Blaine as well as on the popular appointee. Bon voyage, friend Sullivan. May you be happy during your stay in the land of onions.

SALISBURY ON HOME RULE.

The Marquis of Salisbury, whose nephew, Balfour, was recently promoted first lord of the treasury, because of his repressive course in Ireland, has declared, without reserve, at Birmingham, that Home Rule for Ireland must not be. There is nothing new in the declaration. Nobody expected from the traditional British hog anything better than the equally traditional British grunt. Salisbury affects to believe that Ireland could not govern herself. That was what Napoleon III said about Mexico when he sent out Maximilian to found an empire in that country. After the Mexicans shot Maximilian, like any common ladrone, Napoleon the Little changed his opinion. Since that era Mexico, freed from foreign interference in any shape, has governed herself admirably. So, too, could Ireland, if the Irish had the good luck to be an armed and desperate people, which they are not. If the Mexicans were subjected to the Balfourian process, they would rise en masse and never rest satisfied until they had turned their tyrant's face to a dry wall, and shot him the back, like a felon. Something of the kind will have to be done before Englishmen of the Salisbury type do anything for Ireland except oppress and insult her. But let us hear what his "ludship" had to say on the Home Rule topic before the conservatives at Birmingham on Tuesday:

"Home Rule in the hands of the Gladstonians appears to me like a nasty medicine in capsules of gelatine for the electors. While I cannot admit that it is our duty to ignore the gigantic issue before us, I am also anxious to disclaim any intention to abstain from English and Scotch legislation because we are threatened by Irish agitation. * * * In Ireland two great influences are prominent—blackthorns and priests. Nothing in modern history equalled the influence of Archbishop Croke and Archbishop Walsh in the recent history of Ireland. They had turned the whole of the vast organization which seemed to embarrass and baffle the English government clear away from the man whose hand had swayed it with the ease with which a man could turn up a boat by leading the rudder. Now, ecclesiastical domination in secular affairs is not peculiar to any religious belief. It is a parasite which eats the vitality of all. * * * It will be only by rebellion that the Irish Protestants will defy such power. I do not dispute Mr. Gladstone's opinion that they are powerful enough to overbear tyranny. It will be a terrible resort and will cause unnumbered scenes of cruelty and massacre and a revival of the terrible religious wars from which Ireland has already too much suffered. We should be bound to interfere to reconquer the country and the long dreary roll of seven centuries will recommence. Mr. Morley talks of the Irish spectre stalking in parliament and taking the majority by the throat. He may be assured if he has his way this spectre will be as lively as ever, only his garments will be orange and not green."

It is easy to make the English laugh when they are not scared. There was a time, and that not many years ago, when their merriment was sadly marred by such significant and awe inspiring occurrences as the attack on Chester castle, the Manchester rescue, and the Clerkenwell explosion. Later events also had their effect upon the English spirits. There was not much hilarity in Birmingham, or in London either, after the Phœnix Park tragedy, or after the alleged dynamite experiments in the house of commons and in London Tower. Oh, no. On the contrary there were howls of rage and fear—"abject fear," as Mr. Gladstone truly termed it in his great Home Rule speech. English policy always puts a premium on Irish violence. Ireland peaceable is treated like a dog. Ireland violent is listened to and treated with some degree of respect, until the British nerve has time to recover itself. Nobody doubts Lord Salisbury's resolve not to be hindered from Scotch and English legislation because he is threatened with Irish agitation. Neither Lord Salisbury, nor any other English statesman, cares a button for Irish agitation as an element standing alone.

Lord Salisbury is simply jocular when he speaks about the certainty of an Orange rebellion against the Irish government if Home Rule were carried. The Orange men generally rebel with their mouths. The vast mass of sensible and reflecting Irish Protestants would sustain a home government, unless, indeed, a spirit of Catholic ascendency should be manifested. Any Home Rule bill that Ireland may obtain, if the Gladstone Liberals are victorious in the general elections, would, undoubtedly, contain safeguards against the ascendency of any particular church in Ireland. Matters are so shaping themselves in England at present that it is by no means improbable that Fenianism will become a chief factor in the great struggle for Irish autonomy. In that case "the Irish spectre" is quite apt to scare the slumbers of Lord Salisbury and his confreres of the cabinet.

CAPT. JOHN J. HEALY.

Capt. John J. Healy, who recently resigned his position as election commissioner to accept a lucrative post at Detroit, Mich., was presented with a magnificent silver dinner service by about a hundred of his friends of all parties at Kinsley's last week. The presentation occurred at a banquet given in his honor, and he responded in eloquent and feeling terms. Capt. Healy will leave the city immediately to assume his new duties. THE CITIZEN wishes him godspeed and unlimited prosperity.

HOW IS THIS, MR. HUGHITT?

Bigoted discrimination is bad enough when exercised in the field of politics, but when it becomes a question in the field of employment it must be regarded as a public grievance. THE CITIZEN has received the following communication from a resident of Chicago who travels a great deal in the Northwest:

[*To the Editor,*]

"CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—It may be interesting to the readers of your valuable paper and a fair minded public to know that at least one employe of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad has received orders from his superior officer to employ no Catholic in his department. As this employe has control of laborers mostly, the Chicago & Northwestern must be making a pretty clean sweep under a system of narrow minded and un-American bigotry. There is no question whatever that such an order has been made verbally; yet an order with which compliance is expected. In justice to President Hughitt and General Manager Whitman I would say it is not believed that they are aware of this discrimination. This is a matter that deeply concerns not only Catholics but all real Americans. If the chief officers of the road are not aware of the abuse, at least one man in charge of a department is, and they ought to be informed. I am prepared to furnish complete proof of what I have here stated. AMERICAN."

The Irish-American people, who are mostly Catholics, tend a great deal toward railroad work. They are fond of its excitement and change of scene. In the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers they hold a prominent place. They make excellent firemen, trackman and switchmen. Their devotion and their courage have been proven on every road which has employed them. Many have died at their posts in order to save the lives of others. President Hughitt is well aware of all this. He has ever been regarded as a liberal, kind hearted, broad gauged American gentleman. The charges made by our correspondent are decidedly serious and should be investigated. If the measure of a man's previous nationality or religion is to be applied to every applicant for skilled or laboring employment on one railroad, the abuse will quickly find its way into other systems. From the railroad it will extend to mercantile establishments, and so on through every avenue of legitimate employment. It would become a vendetta against Irishmen and Catholics in this country. That would be a nice condition of affairs—arraying one class of citizens against the other. Mr. Hughitt certainly would not wish the road of which he is president to be the inaugurator of so contemptible a warfare.

CATHOLIC CHARITY.

Prominent Members of the Church Attend the Banquet of the Visiting and Aid Society.

A hundred Catholic gentlemen met at Kinsley's last Monday night and discussed ways and means of the application of their charity. The occasion was the first annual dinner of the Visitation and Aid Society.

The membership of the society has not been large, but a number of other prominent gentlemen were invited in order that their interest might be awakened. After the coffee cups were emptied the business of the evening began. John Cudahy was toastmaster. He spoke very briefly, and called on T. D. Hurley, president of the society, to respond to the toast, "The Visitation and Aid Society of the Past and Present." Mr. Hurley's address included a brief sketch of the society's work. It was organized Sept. 19, 1889. Since then a great deal of charitable work has been done. Children have been rescued from evil associations and placed in good homes, sick have been nursed, dead have been buried and distress has been relieved in every way possible. Visits are made to the poorhouse every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday. Everything possible is done for the inmates there. A library is supported for them by the society and it is used by them freely. The society employs a superintendent, clerk and agent, who give their entire time to the work. In the last year the cases of 946 children have been investigated by the society and 751 have been carefully provided for. A few men and a few women have done all this work.

Other toasts of the evening were: "Charitable Institutions," by F. W. Young; "Dependent Children," by the Hon Richard Prendergast; "Employment Bureaus," by W. J. Onahan, and "The Visitation and Aid Society of the Future," by W. J. Hynes. Speeches were also made by Mr. John J. Fitzgibbon and others. They all indicated the excellent work of the society and its deserving character. An appeal was made for moral and financial encouragement.

Among those present were:

Charles Henrotin,	Judge T. A. Moran,
W. J. Onahan,	John Cudahy,
Michael Cudahy,	Richard Prendergast,
Washington Hesing,	D. F. Bremner,
T. D. Hurley,	E. E. S. Eagle,
Dr. John F. Ryan,	Rev. D. J. Riordan,
John M. Smyth,	W. A. Amberg,
Thomas Brenan,	T. W. Connelly,
Jos. Donnersberger.	W. J. Hynes,
J. S. Hyland,	Rev. P. J. Muldoon,
Rev. J. J. McGovern,	Rev. Hugh McGuire,
W. P. Nelson,	John O'Malley,
D. S. Scully,	P. J. Sexton.

OBITUARY.

REV. MICHAEL T. DINNEEN.

Rev. Michael T. Dinneen, assistant pastor of the Catholic church at Wilmington, Ill., died on Friday at the Alexian Brothers' Hospital. One week before he was taken sick with typhoid pneumonia and was removed to the hospital in order that he might receive efficient medical attendance and care. He gradually grew worse until Friday, when he died. Father Dinneen was considered one of the most promising and talented young priests in the archdiocese of Chicago. He was held in high esteem by his fellow priests, and was loved and admired by all whose fortune it had been to make his acquaintance. Of a gentle, sympathetic disposition, he favorably impressed whomsoever he met, and when once he made friends he ever retained them. When but a child he removed with his parents to this city. For a time he attended the public schools. In 1883 he entered Cape Girardeau College, Missouri, to study for the ministry. The following year he began a course in Niagara University, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., where he remained until he completed his course. He was ordained a priest by Archbishop Feehan on Easter Sunday, 1890, and was at once made chaplain of the Feehanville training school for boys. After a few months he was assigned to Dixon, and later to Wilmington. Thirty priests and many friends followed the remains of the Rev. Father Michael Dinneen to Calvary cemetery on Monday morning. The obsequies were simple and deeply impressive. At 9:30 o'clock the body was taken to the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows on Jackson boulevard. Here the funeral rites took place. A solemn requiem high mass was celebrated, the Rev. P. Conway acting as celebrant, Father Dorr as deacon, and Father Fieley as subdeacon. After the mass Father Hodnett delivered an address, in which the life and good works of the deceased were extolled. The choir was composed of the students of the monastery of Our Lady of Sorrows. The Gregorian chant was sung, as was an offertory by Miss Lina Ward. The remains were then conveyed to the cemetery by train. Disembarking, the priests formed in procession and moved slowly on toward the grave, repeating the De Profundis and Miserere. When the body was lowered into the grave the priests chanted the psalm Benedictus. The pallbearers were Fathers Conley, Fieley, Scanlan, Dorr, Smith and Crevier.

MR. MATTHEW TERRY.

Mr. Mathew Terry died at his residence, No. 331 Centre avenue, in this city, on the 23d inst, and was buried at LaSalle, Ill., on the 25th inst. Deceased was a brother of the late Very Rev. Dean Terry, of St. Patrick's church, this city. He was a man of noble character and of a nature that endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. He leaves a loving wife to mourn his loss.

MR. JAMES O'HARA.

Mr. James O'Hara, younger brother of the late Daniel O'Hara, ex Recorder and City Treasurer, died at his home in this city on Monday of a complication of diseases. Mr. O'Hara, although of Irish parentage, was born at Ayr, Scotland, fifty-three years ago, and came to America when a child. He was by occupation a compositor and was one of the best known, and best liked, men in the printing profession. Everybody who knew him laments the death of genial, honest "Jim" O'Hara, as he was familiarly styled.

MR. D. O. QUINN.

So long as truth, modesty and devotion to principle are deemed virtues worthy of inculcation, so long must the death of a man whose life and character have illustrated these virtues, be regarded as a public loss. We are so wont to associate what the world calls heroism and greatness with notoriety and the glamor with which popular applause encompasses its heroes of the hour, that, at times, we forget that the virtues which constitute true greatness of soul are essentially modest, and that it is possible for one of nature's noblemen to live his life of purity and self sacrifice, to act well his part in the drama in which he is cast, and yet be unknown to fame. Yet it has been the privilege of all observant men and women to encounter and note such unalloyed characters, and to appreciate the lasting impress that the quiet strength of their high qualities fixes on those who have enjoyed the good fortune of being brought into intimate contact with them. Such was the writer's experience with him to whom this tribute of sincere respect is dedicated. Daniel O Quinn, who died at his home, No 4078 Lake avenue, last Sunday week, was born in Rochester, N. Y., in the year 1855. He was a genial man of courtly presence and manners. He was generous to a fault, and rarely, if ever, lost an opportunity to say a kind word or do a kindly deed. When scarcely beyond the threshold of manhood he married the sweet maiden who had won his young affection. The love of his wife and his children and his home life made the horizon of his hopes and joys. During his whole life his tastes had been essentially domestic, his little family circle had more charm for him than all the world besides. His life, indeed, was an excellent example of that of the christian without bigotry, the gentleman without ostentation, the gentle, affable and kind hearted man. None who knew him failed to recognize in him these qualities as pre eminently conspicuous, and none who recognized them failed to gather benefit from that recognition. It was, indeed, perhaps an uneventful life—not one to tempt portrayal by the historian or romancer—but it was beautiful in its simplicity and grand in its truth; and simple and grand as it was, it will long linger as a sweet and salutary memory in the hearts of those who were elevated and strengthened by associating with him. His life was more than an example, it was an evidence of divine submission and holy grace. It does not wither with the blighting of the grain, it does not fade with the closing of the day. An ideal ending, such grant us when our day comes. Requiescat in pace. A.

AN ARCH PRELATE AT ST. JAMES'.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco Preaches to His Former Parishioners.

The beautiful St. James church was filled to its utmost capacity at high mass last Sunday, many visitors from all parts of the city having temporarily united themselves with the congregation in order to give filial greeting to the most Rev Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, former pastor of the parish. The church was brilliantly illuminated by incandescent lights, which brought out in full glory the superb decorations. The mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Van Pelt, assisted by other clergymen. The Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor of St. James, ascended the pulpit at the conclusion of the gospel, and, after reading the usual announcements, stated that the sermon would be preached by Archbishop Riordan.

The Archbishop, who was in fine voice and looked his best, took his text from the epistle of St. Paul to the Colossians bearing upon final judgment, and also from the gospel of the day. The preacher began by an allusion to the growth of atheism on the one hand, and the development of non-belief in punishment after death on the other among non Catholic sects. Atheism pronounced that this life was final—a gloomy and horrible belief from which the soul shrank aghast. If the doctrine that there is no punishment after death for sins committed in the flesh were to prevail, mankind would do about as they pleased, because if there was no punishment or no reward in the life hereafter, people would naturally argue that whether they were good or bad made no difference except in the present life. Such teaching could lead only to the disintegration of society, and the demoralization of all people who did not follow the teachings of the church of Christ, founded on the eternal Rock of Peter.

Christianity taught charity. There was, indeed, some good in the customs of pagan Greece and Rome, but how cold, how unfeeling when contrasted with that love of ones neighbor which is a direct mandate from God himself—Love thy neighbor as thyself. But the unbelieving man might ask, Why should I love my neighbor as myself? What are my obligations to him? Is he of my family? But the Catholic church, following the Word, taught that neighbors were not confined to families or to localities. God's mandate had a world-wide signification. Who were man's neighbors? Mankind of every race and creed and clime. In the day of judgment, man would be held to a strict accounting. If, on this earth, he abused the gifts God bestowed upon him, or misused his stewardship by neglecting or refusing to reach out the helping hand to the needy and unfortunate, the immutable justice of God would certainly award his punishment for evil deeds, as surely as it would award grace and salvation for the good works he had performed during his time in this world.

If divine justice and judgment did not exist, the very foundation of belief would be destroyed, because there would be no incentive to goodness, and the tendency of humanity was to do that which gave least trouble and which least chastened and restrained the fleshly appetite. Such an animal state of existence could only fill the thinking and the spiritual with disgust. True religion meant war against the appetites. The man who, with the aid of God and the sacraments of holy church, conquered his tendency to sinfulness would win his way to the Kingdom of Light. The man who refused to be led by the kindly light of God's church could only grope in the darkness, and finally fall into the pit of despair and spiritual destruction. How dreadful, on the judgment day, the sentence to be pronounced against the wicked and unbelieving—Depart from Me, ye accursed!

The eloquent prelate then entered upon a line of splendid exhortation, and pointed out the facilities given by a merciful God for even the most sinful among sinners to make their peace with him. Their hope was to be found in the holy sacraments of the Catholic church, instituted by our lord and savior, Jesus Christ, for the washing away of the sins of men. All who drank of the fountain of Catholic faith, who kept the commandments and performed the good works toward God's creatures, would merit the glorious reward, conveyed in the words of the Lord—Come, ye blessed, partake of the kingdom which I have prepared for you.

The Archbishop's sermon, of which the foregoing report is but an incomplete outline, made a deep impression on the congregation. The utmost silence was observable during its delivery, and every eye was bent upon the preacher, whose face fairly glowed with the light of the soul within. The benediction was pronounced by the prelate, and, at the conclusion of the mass, there was a rush of the people toward the sanctuary for the purpose of saluting him. The Archbishop, evidently greatly gratified, shook hands affectionately with all who came within his reach, and many of the old ladies of the parish, who had known him since childhood, were visibly affected, as they kissed the prelatic ring, and asked for his special blessing.

CHRISTMAS COURAGE.

Eleanor Kirk Says That Many Women Are Rendered Miserable in Holiday Time by the Torturing Thought of Presents They Can't Afford.

How One Heroic Person Got Rid of the Difficulty—It is Better to be Called "stingy" Than to "Go Broke."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 23.—Folks who are prudent and judicious all the year seem to part with every particle of their common sense at the approach of the holiday season. Many women who for eleven months "cut their garments according to cloth" launch out into the most criminal extravagance in the twelfth. They are expected to make presents, and because they know that they will be called mean and stingy if they do not buy handsome and expensive things, they plan and squander, and between the feeling that they must and the knowledge that they ought not, they make themselves and all about them nervous and miserable.

Now I do not care much for a selfish, avaricious and penurious woman. She is a creation for which I have no earthly use. But I do admire with all my heart the woman who can say without flinching—I cannot afford it.

At the last holiday season a lady who had suffered for years from what she considered an obligation to make presents that were entirely beyond her means, sent the following crisp and sensible letter to the friends who had been in the habit of remembering her upon these festive occasions:

"Dear ——

"I am asking in all seriousness of all my friends who have been in the habit of sending me Christmas presents, that they will please omit doing so this year. I am quite unable to return their favors, and the sense of obligation entailed by this inability to respond in kind is more than I am able to bear with philosophy. I am sure that the friends who love and believe in me will not ascribe to me any low or mean motive in thus expressing myself. My holiday will be much happier for having done so. A Merry Christmas to all."

As I received one of these straightforward communications, I felt at liberty to ask the writer how her plan worked.

"Splendidly," she said. "I haven't enjoyed a Christmas day so much since I was a child, because I have always been more or less strained in the endeavor to keep up with my richer friends. What I was able to do this year was done for the poor, and no words can express the satisfaction I feel at having taken this stand."

Let us give as we can afford, for when we run into extravagance and debt for such purposes, when we become worried and cross and full of care, we violate the Christ spirit and are simply schemers and hypocrites.

Books in some cases make the most desirable presents. We are even now confronted with the endless question of gifts to friends and kindred. It is wise to think of such matters in the comparatively leisure days which precedes the hurry and confusion of the holiday season, and no one need be very much perplexed in the selection of gifts if she has friends who are fond of books. It is a pleasure to recommend two which have lately attained a wide circulation and which are peculiarly suitable for Christmas presents.

"Cockle Shells and Silver Bells" is the merrily suggestive title of a collection of poems for children written by the well known author, Mrs. M. F. Butts, who has done so much for the little ones in *Wide Awake*, *St Nicholas*, *Christian Union*, and various other publications. "Dainty as the wild rose and as spontaneous as the breeze," is the comment made upon them by one enthusiastic editor, while the *Congregationalist* says in more serious but quite as true a strain, "mothers will find the book a good one to read to their five-year-olds." In fact, no more desirable volume can be found for this purpose, and the mothers will enjoy the poems quite as much as the children, a thing that can rarely be said of any juvenile publication. The book is published by the author and can be had for the small sum of 25 cents, postage paid, by applying to her at Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

"Daily Strength for Daily Needs" is a book for "children of a larger growth"—for those who are bearing the heat and burden of the day, sometimes feeling as if endurance were no longer possible. It is a combination of short selections in prose and verse with accompaning texts of scripture, arranged for each day in the year. From three to six of these choice passages and quotations are found on each page, and there is hardly a situation in life—surely not one of trial or sorrow—for which some apropos and comforting word cannot be found. The great consolation which it brought to one woman in affliction, led to her interesting herself in its circulation among others in like need, and the result has been hundreds of copies distributed all over the United States and England. It can be obtained of Mrs. M. L. LeRow, Roslindale, Mass., at 65 cents a copy, post paid.

Among other things that are reasonable in price, artistic and esthetic in tone, and educating in influence, may be mentioned the fine art pictures of Prang & Co., of Boston. The refined person with small means can find something in the collection that will be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," without the least strain upon the slender purse. It seems to me that every year Prang's designs are more original than the year before, and this year their work is superb. There are flowers and landscapes, gorgeous snow scenes, puppies and kittens, pigs and chickens, children's heads, and no end of beautiful things. It is a comfort to me to observe that the humorous side of art is steadily growing into favor. Give us something to laugh at, I say, as well as something to admire.

Once more I am compelled to say to my correspondents that it is utterly impossible for me to read their manuscripts gratuitously. If they would stop and think one moment they would never ask or expect such favors. To carefully and critically read a story of two thousand words even, takes more time than anyone outside of the business would ever imagine. Then to write a letter telling its faults or its merits is not an easy task. In order to oblige the scores of writers who applied to me, I established a bureau for this purpose, putting the price just as low as possible, and those who wish to have their matter read and criticised, and places suggested for the sale of same, will kindly send for circulars before forwarding their MSS.

To be compelled to write such words is a most unwelcome task. If I could, I should be glad to assist those who desire my services "without money and without price," and if I had more gray matter and the days were four times as long I would. As it is, I have put the price for such work at a figure which leaves no margin for wealth, and that is the best I can do.

ELEANOR KIRK.

TO THE MEMORY OF P. W. NALLY.

BY EUGENE DAVIS

Hark! how the bells in muffled sadness toll—
Lo, here's another grave!—
Another name writ on the sacred scroll
Of Ireland's martyred brave!
Another soul that dared the despot's sway
Crushed by a despot's blow!—
Another heart, that panted for the fray,
By cartiff hands laid low!

Throughout the long and weary years he bore
With unrepining will
His jailers' chains—unscathed to the core,
Bold and undaunted still!
And though they gored his living frame to death—
Beyond their grim control
There shone within that God blessed precious faith
Which sanctified his soul!

Strong in the faith, their lashes had for him
No craven's pangs or fears,
No sighs or sobs to wake the dungeon dim,
No floods of futile tears;
But firm and true, he faced the irons there,
By ruthless foes assailed,
And like a lion battling in his lair
His courage never quailed!

Oh! let the cry go forth o'er sea and shore
Throughout the list'ning lands,
And let it speak with flame-tongue evermore:—
"His blood be on their hands!"
The stars their very courses will have spent
Ere Irishmen forget
To right his wrong, and, trusting in their strength,
Avenge his mem'ry yet!

ATHLETICS AND LITERATURE.

How the Gaelic Athletic Association Could Profitably Interest Itself During the Winter Months.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—I am well aware of your sympathy with the objects and work of the Gaelic Athletic Association in Chicago, and am sure that you will cheerfully give space for a few remarks on the above subject. Our season is now almost closed, the schedule of games which we adopted at the commencement is nearly played, and we, Gaels, can, happily, congratulate ourselves on our success. Everything has gone on well so far; our membership has increased, we have gained a solid footing, and have succeeded in attracting the public attention and the patronage of our kindred and friends. The attitude of the press is noticeably changed toward us; instead of ridicule it is now praise we get from that source. One year ago on the evening of the 5th of May last, when a few of us met at Horan's hall to arrange for the organization of a central council, we did not expect these results, and the Gael who is not satisfied with them is surely a pessimist. However, we must not feel overelated or rest our oars now that we have got thus far. There is always room for improvement, always good work to be done. Now that bad and unfavorable weather prevails during the winter months what will be done to keep the boys together and profitably interest them? This is a question that presents itself to many of us; how best can it be answered? Few, if any, of the clubs have rooms for gymnasiums, nor are they in a position to procure such halls. Where this can be done, however, it would be an excellent means to the end.

But there is one thing which is within the reach of all clubs, and that is literary exercises. The individual who develops the mind and the body at the same time furnishes the best type of humanity. Each club should make an effort in this direction; in their meeting rooms they should have a small library of good books and periodicals. Each club room should be furnished with a desk and writing paraphernalia where the members might do their writing, meet in social converse and have access to reading matter. How many of us are well versed in the histories of Ireland or America, and could a club spend half an of an evening at its meeting to better advantage or more pleasantly than in a brief debate on those subjects in which all the members would take part? This would be a great source of enlightenment, and time could not be spent more profitably. It would be interesting to see those stalwart Gaels discussing epochs of Irish history, with its heroes and martyrs of ancient and modern times. I am sure that a move in this direction would be fruitful of good results. The central council would, I feel confident, give encouragement to this idea.

I hope, however, that the matter will be seriously considered, and if the clubs should undertake something of this nature I believe they would be as successful as they have been heretofore in other matters. There is no fear, in fact, for the success of the Gaelic Athletic Association; it has come to stay, and will, I trust, suffer nothing from the jealousies, suspicions, and bickerings such as have been the curse of other Irish organizations. Yours truly,

RICHARD W. WOLFE.

ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN

Given a Reception by the Members of the Columbus Club of Chicago.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, formerly pastor of St. James' church in this city, was given a reception by the Columbus club at their quarters on LaSalle street, last Friday evening.

It was the remembrance of boyhood's days and the recollection of his later career as pastor in Chicago, which brought so many friends to greet him. All regretted that Archbishop Feehan was prevented from attending by a sharp cold. He sent his regrets in an eloquent letter. The priests who were present were:

Reverends:

A. Tolton,	P. J McDonnell,
John J Carroll,	B Baldi,
M. T. Mackin,	D E McGrath,
D. J. Riordan,	T. J. Cashman,
T. H. Kinsella,	M. E. Ers,
E. M. Griffin,	Hugh McGuire,
P. Egan,	J F. Clancy,
Joseph Molitor,	F. H. Crevier,
A. L. Bergeron,	Thomas Jackson,
B. P. Murray,	Dennis Hays.

The members of the laity present were:

T. F. Judge,	T. F. Mullaney,
D. F. Bremner,	W. J. Onahan,
J J Corcoran,	J. B. Murphy,
Z P. Brosseau,	G. D McLaughlin,
C. A. Mair,	J. Donnersberger,
W. A. Amberg,	C. McNellis,
P. Cavanagh,	W. C. Dulce,
P. McHugh,	F. A. Devlin,
P. F. Gillespie,	J. O. Malley,
A. Cummings,	W. H. O'Brien,
J. Larkin,	J. McCabe,
J. S. Cooke,	B Callaghan,
G Reynolds,	J Priadiville,
T. E. Rooney,	T. E Nelson,
A. F Zahn,	R. W. Clifford,
P. J. Healy,	W. P. Henneberry,
A. Diamondon,	D. F. Bremner, Jr,
P. T. Barry,	E Hudson,
J. W. Amberg,	D J. Gallery,
J. B. Lynch,	J. W. Walsh,
J. C. McShane,	J. A. Murphy, Jr.,
C. F. Cook,	J McLaughlin,
J. P. Barrett,	F J Stanley,
J. M. Smyth,	W. P. Read.

D F. Bremner, the president of the club, welcomed the archbishop in a few words, and then he gave way to General George W. Smith, who had prepared an address. "We regret that our own archbishop is not here," he said, "but we rejoice that another prelate is here whom we knew as a boy. The Columbus Club welcomes him tonight as a representative body of the Catholics of Chicago. Once we were known as the Catholic Club of Chicago, but later we changed our name and the Columbus Club is delighted to have this opportunity to welcome Archbishop Riordan."

The archbishop arose to respond and his friends cheered him. "I owe a debt of gratitude," he said, "for this privilege to meet so many old friends and renew old friendships. The scenes of youth so dear to me can never pass out of my mind. I am glad to see that with the large material development of your city its religious interests have kept pace. I see the city stretching out its great arms over the prairies, but I also see new churches springing up everywhere as evidence of the deep religious faith of the Catholic people of this city.

"To speak of Catholics as not being in touch with the country is absurd. Catholic navigators first discovered and opened up the country, and Catholic missionaries first penetrated the far West. The love of country is not only a civil but a religious duty."

Judge Moran advised the club to form a committee to expose the ignorance of those who misrepresent the church. The guests and club members then adjourned for supper. Archbishop Riordan will leave in a few days for St. Louis, where he will attend the jubilee of Archbishop Kenrick.

ATHLETIC ENTERTAINMENT.

A first class athletic entertainment will be given at Cline's Hall, corner of Wells and Huron streets, next Monday evening, Nov. 30, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the Irish Tug of War team, which will represent Ireland in the inter national tournament. Among other excellent attractions of the entertainment will be a tug of war between a team picked from the Columbias and Grattans, athletic clubs of the North Side, and the Innisfails and Emmets of the West Side. There will be a sparring exhibition between Tim O'Hearn, the champion welter weight of Illinois, and an accomplished "unknown." There will also be a wrestling bout between Tom McCarthy, who challenges any 150 pound man in the world and an "unknown." The entertainment will conclude with an exhibition "pull" by the Irish team.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

GAELIC POETRY.

Magaidh Laidir.

(Seághan O'Neachtain ro chan.)

So dhaoíbh slóinte Mhagaidh Laidir,
Lér mhiann grádh a chríche:
A's ni bh-fuil áit ó'n Rót go Máigh,
Nach bh-fuil 'san t-slóinte chéadna!
Má mhiannaid páirt an fhial-bhaiclín
Bniadhtaich, bhráithrich, bhríoghmhair;
Is d' fuathas trath gach fuar-iomrádh,
Air chualacht bhreágh na tíre.

Slóinte Uí Néill, Uí Dhomhnaill chléibh,
A's sliochd na h-Eirne ríoghdha,
A's gach a bh-fuil beo 'san Múmhan mhór
De shliochd na Róigh mac Míle;
Gach a bh-fuil a d-talamh aieme Mháine,
Slán tré sheare do'n d-taoibh sín,
'S a Laighean, na lann, ba bríoghmhar, teann
A maoin, a g-cland, 's a n-díoghladh.

Líon an mheadair do'n árd-easpog,
Gráth a's seare na n-daoine;
Líon an mheadair do'n Athair Feadar,
So an teagasg fíre:
Dá chuach, trí cupáin do'n Athair Tomás
Is binn a chómhrádh dfleas;
Stiall a's canna do'n Athair Ceallaigh,
Dia d'á theagasg choidhche.

Líon an ágáia, so dhaoíbh slóinte,
Ultaigh dána a's Muimhnigh!
Slóinte Laighnigh, an luchd meadhrach,
A's Connacht na maighdean sgiamhach!
Líon an chóta leis an ágáia,—
A m-breall go h-árd air dhaoíbhibh,
Lér mhiann Eire chlaoidh go h-díogeart,
A Dhia bidh treun le Gaedhlaibh!

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

IRISH NEWS.

A FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR LURGAN.

At the monthly meeting of the Lurgan town commissioners Nov. 3, Mr. J. Malcolm, J.P., D. L., presiding, Mr. George Ferguson, insurance agent, who was accompanied by a number of workingmen, said he appeared before the board as representing the committee lately formed for the purpose of carrying out the project for the foundation of a free public library in Lurgan. One of the first questions the committee had to deal with was that relating to the providing a proper building in a central position, in which the library should be located. In the course of a very short time Lord Lurgan will vacate the upper portion of the market house which he had heretofore used as an estate office, and the deputation now requested that the town commissioners should let the premises at a nominal rent for the purpose of the proposed free library. After some discussion, Mr. W. Livingston, T.C., gave notice of a motion in favor of letting the premises at a nominal rent from Jan. 1 next.

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. DR. HIBBITS, O.P.

The Very Rev. Father Hibbits, O.P., of the Dominican Friary, Sligo, died on Nov. 5. The reverend gentleman had been in delicate health for a considerable time, and his death was therefore not unexpected. Father Hibbits came to reside in Sligo in the year 1830, at the time when the Dominicans occupied the Pound street premises. The shadow of the approaching famine was over the land at the time, but notwithstanding the difficulties which met him on every hand he succeeded in building the present church and convent. Father Hibbits was held in high esteem by all sections of the people in Sligo, and he never spared himself in the service of the church.

DEATH OF MR. M. J. FARRELLY.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Michael J. Farrelly, solicitor, who was for so many years connected with the firm of Mr. Ambrose Plunkett. Mr. Farrelly was one of the most respected members of his profession, and was very popular with the bar and the public. He was well known in the city, and by his ability and tact in the conduct of important and intricate legal affairs gained a great reputation for legal skill. In social life he was an especial favorite, and, as the president of the Neptune Rowing Club, did a great deal to promote Dublin rowing. The funeral left his late residence at Rusnlagh for Glasnevin at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning.—*Dublin Freeman Nov.* 4.

INQUEST IN A MURDER CASE.

Dr. Stewart, coroner for the Northern division of county Monaghan, held an inquest on the evening of Nov. 5 on the body of Hugh McHugh, who was murdered in Monaghan. The evidence went to show that a dispute arose in a lodging house between deceased and the man and woman Mangle, at present in custody Margaret Mangle, the female prisoner, rushed, it is stated, at deceased. She had a large pointed knife in her hand, and she followed him into the hall in company with her husband; when near the street door the three seemed to be lying in a heap. Anne Reilly, keeper of the lodging house, saw the female striking the deceased a number of times. John Murray saw the female prisoner stabbing at deceased. He saw her make a blow at his face with a knife which missed; and the knife coming in contact with the stone step flashed fire, as if a match had been struck. The medical evidence went to show that the wound which caused death was two and a half inches deep, and penetrated the pulmonary artery. Death resulted from internal bleeding. The jury found that the deceased, Hugh McHugh, died from a wound inflicted by the person in custody.

AN IRISH LADY'S ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

When the Belfast steamer Optic came alongside the Prince's landing stage at Liverpool on the morning of Nov. 4 the ambulance carriage from the Northern hospital was immediately summoned to remove a lady passenger who had cut her throat during the voyage from Belfast. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that the patient was Mrs. Catherine Hughes, who had come from the neighborhood of Armagh, and was to sail for America by the Teutonic to join her husband. Nearly all the passengers had landed when the porters began to look for the owner of the luggage marked with her name, and after a search she was found lying on a bed in the steerage, bleeding freely from a wound about three inches long in the throat, and which she had inflicted with a pair of scissors. As she was seen shortly before apparently all right, she must have inflicted the wound about the time that the boat was coming alongside. She was brought to the stage, where aid was rendered by two police constables, until the arrival of the ambulance when she was removed to the hospital.

SUDDEN DEATH OF FATHER CAROLAN.

The Rev. John Carolan, P.P., Castlegar, died suddenly at his residence on Nov 4 He had opened a mission, assisted by two clergymen of the Dominican Order, and was only after leaving the chapel on that night and had returned to his own house when he fell down dead. A kindlier gentleman or a more devoted pastor did not exist. His demise is deeply regretted.

THE SMITH-BARRY TENANTS.

On Nov. 3 Mr. Valentine Kilbride had the following notice served on upwards of twenty five of the Smith Barry tenants who recently left the combination here and are overholding possession of the houses in New Tipperary: "Take notice that I hereby require you forthwith to deliver up to me, acting under power of attorney, dated Oct. 27, 1891, from the Rev. David Humphreys, the house and premises No. —— street, in the town of Tipperary, and in case you neglect or refuse to give up the said house and premises I shall take such proceedings against you as I may be advised."

SUICIDE OF A CONSTABULARY SERGEANT.

At half past 10 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 1 Sergt. Arthur Fenelon, of the constabulary force in Cork city committed suicide by shooting himself in one of the disused cells attached to the bridewell. Deceased was a single man with about fourteen years' service, and had only recently successfully passed the examination for the inspectorship of weights and measures. Up to the day of the occurrence he had performed his duties as usual, and nothing unusual was observed in his demeanor by the members of the force, with whom he was most popular. Before committing the deed he partook of breakfast with his comrades, and soon after retired to a cell in the rear of the bridewell and shot himself with a revolver. When the report was heard the barrack orderly ran to the cell and found Sergt Fenelon lying on his back dead with the revolver by his side No reason can be assigned for the fatal act, but it is stated that deceased recently had undergone domestic troubles. He was a native of Kilkenny. An inquest was held, and the jury found that deceased committed suicide while laboring under temporary insanity.

ACCIDENT IN A HUNTING FIELD.

A very serious accident occurred on Nov. 4 at the opening meet of the United Hunt Club Foxhounds at Midleton. Maj. Bofford Rooster was mounted on a spirited hunter, and after crossing a fence adjoining the public road the horse fell. Coming down heavily on the hard ground it rolled over the rider, who was severely crushed, and had one of his arms broken in two places.

TRAGEDY NEAR CASTLEISLAND.

An inquiry was held on Nov. 4 in the police barrack, before Mr. Cecil Roche, R. M., into a charge against a woman named Hannah Nolan of having wilfully murdered her son Patrick at Glenlara, near Castleisland, last July. The body of the lad, who was about 17 years old, was found in a dyke, and at the inquest medical examination showed that death was caused by asphyxia, and that foul play had been used. A verdict of murder was returned. A few days ago a sister of the deceased, named Hannah, aged about 13, made a deposition, which was read, to the effect that on the morning of July 25 she heard her mother and the deceased having a dispute about money with which he wanted to buy tobacco. On that night he did not come home, and she went searching for him in several houses in the district. She and her mother were sitting by the fire, and witness asked her to go down to the house of a man named Thompson and search for him. Her mother replied, saying it was no use, as he was in the garden. She then admitted to her that in the course of a dispute later on in the day with deceased about tobacco money she caught hold of him by the neck and beat him, and when she did so he fell out of her arms dead. Witness never told any policeman about the conversation until about a week ago, when she told District Inspectors Newell and Rice in the police barrack, Tralee. This was all the evidence that was gone into, and the inquiry was adjourned for one week.

ATTEMPT TO SHOOT AN EMERGENCYMAN.

An arrest has been made in the neighborhood of Coolgreaney on a charge of shooting at an emergencyman on the Brooke estate. It appears that on Nov 3 a man named Dixon, while walking over the estate at Croghan suddenly came upon a couple of men who were shooting grouse on the mountain. On being ordered away it is alleged one of them discharged his fowling-piece in the direction of Dixon, some grains of shot lodging in his head and face.

A NEWRY SOLICITOR DROWNED.

Considerable sensation was caused at Newry on the morning of Nov. 4 when the news arrived that the body of Mr. John Halpin, solicitor, of Newry, had been found floating in the dock at Warrenpoint, convenient to the railway station. The deceased had been at Killowen collecting rents and missed the last train to Newry. It is thought that in the darkness he stumbled and fell into the dock. He had a large practice in Newry district, and was a very popular and highly respected gentleman. An inquest was held in Warrenpoint on the body of the deceased gentleman in the Ulster hall by Dr. Heron, J.P., coroner for the southern division of the county Down. Mr. Patrick Boyle deposed he lived at No. 18 Hill street, Newry, and was a relative of the deceased. He knew him intimately. He thought the deceased was about 40 years of age, and he was married. Witness identified the remains as those of John Halpin. James Tumilty deposed he lived in Duke street, Warrenpoint, and was employed by the deceased to drive him from Warrenpoint to Rostrevor. Witness did so and Mr Halpin got off the car at some places along the road to Ballydolty. Witness did not see any sign of drink on Mr. Halpin. He left Mr. Halpin at the Beach Hotel, at Rostrevor, at about half-past 6 in the evening, and during the whole time Mr. Halpin was on the witness' car he looked well and seemed to be in good spirits. Witness did not see the deceased alive afterwards. A verdict of found drowned was returned.

"Aren't you ever going to grow old, like the rest of us?" asked a man of an acquaintance he hadn't seen for some time. "Well, not so long as I can purify my blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla," was the apt reply. This man knew what he was talking about.

All scalp and skin diseases, dandruff, falling of the hair, gray or faded hair, may be cured by using that nature's true remedy, Hall's Hair Renewer.

400 Miles in Three Fifths

Is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between Chicago and the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis. These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world. The Electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the west enjoying the exclusive use of this patent. For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent or address F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

HYMENEAL.

KAEMPFER—KELLY.

The marriage of Miss Cecilia Kelly, daughter of Mrs. Mary Kelly, of this city, to Mr W. H. Kaempfer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Kaempfer, of Milwaukee, occurred on the 18th inst. Mr. Jacob Kaempfer, Jr., acted as best man for his brother, and Miss Ursula Kelly was the bridesmaid. In the evening a wedding reception and supper was given at the home of the bride's mother, No. 350 Cleveland avenue. Among the guests were Messrs. Jacob Kaempfer, Sr., J. Kaempfer, Jr., Stephen and William Kelly. Among the ladies, and conspicuous for their charms of person and manner, were the Misses Ursula and Clara Kelly. The wedding presents were much admired, and no happier wedding party has ever assembled to wish success to a bride and her husband.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co, Proprietors,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists,
Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

In Luck Certain.

After trying to sell books, pictures and wringers, and nearly every contrivance imaginable, I became discouraged and thought there was no chance for a poor man to earn a living. There was nothing to do on the farm, and I could not get a job in town, when I happened to see how a teacher made money selling platers and thought I would try my luck. I bought a $5 Lightning Plater from B. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio and from that day my luck seemed to change. I carried the plater from house to house and plated knives, forks and spoons, right before the folks, and it is surprising how many want their things plated. I made $3 70 the first day, and in one week $28. I can plate with nickel, silver and gold. The work is fine, my customers are pleased and I am happy. I hope some other fellow, who is down on his luck, will see this and do as I have done and get up in the world.

WILLIAM EVANS.

Playing Cards.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Delight Followed by Torment.

What man or woman will deny that a good dinner is a present delight? Equally undeniable is it that when a well cooked meal is succeeded by a fit of indigestion, rapture is converted into torture. Don't charge your dyspepsia to your dinner. No, my dear sir, your gastric department was out of order to begin with. Had you regulated it with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the cargo that you took on board would have been comfortably stowed away without the slightest inconvenience. This incomparable stomachic entirely reforms faulty digestion, and regulates, besides, the liver and the bowels, which must act harmoniously with the digestive organs, or all three fall out of gear. Take the Bitters for kidney and rheumatic complaints, and in all cases of malaria. As a tonic, appetizer and promoter of convalescence it has no peer.

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TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	20c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	35c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

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THE BABY'S BED.

"The baby must have a cradle,"
The fair young mother said;
"He must have a place of his very own
To nestle his precious head;
He shall have a downy pillow,
And a coverlet soft and white,
And the lattice work shall be woven through
With ribbons dainty and bright."

"Oh, yes; he must have a cradle!"
The proud young father said,
As he smoothed with tremulous fingers
The pretty, curl crowned head;
"He will take a world of comfort,
As he slowly, sleepily swings,
Half waking and half dreaming,
While his mother rocks him and sings."

So planned the fond young parents,
As they watched their darling's grace—
Yet they did not buy a cradle
For the baby's resting place;
But they bought a tiny casket
As white as the drifted snow,
And their hearts were well nigh broken
With a sudden weight of woe.

And they laid the beautiful baby
In a bed of his very own,
And strewed it with smilax and lilies,
And roses white and half blown;
And his pillow was soft and downy,
The blossoms covered his breast,
And he slept and needed no rocking
To deepen his quiet rest.
—Lillian Grey in Good Housekeeping.

LIVING IN PAPER BAGS.

For he's going to marry Yum-Yum,
He's going to marry Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum,
He's going to marry Yum-Yum.

This last note is drawled out in a miserable attempt at a profound bass by the freshest, sweetest, clearest voice in the world, and is followed by a silvery peal of laughter so like a bird's joyous trill that for a moment I am inclined to think it is only a continuation of the chorus of the little songsters that have been singing outside my window all morning. But a moment's reflection convinces me otherwise, and I rise slowly from my desk, where I have been struggling all morning with a perplexing account book, and glance out of my window in the direction whence the sound proceeds.

It is one of the loveliest, sunniest May days. The sky is cloudless—blue. The orchard is powdered with snowy apple blossoms, which last night's rain has washed from the trees, and standing under them, rifling them of their remaining glories, are my sister Genevieve and her devoted lover, Charley Somers. This young man has been, to use the housemaid's expression, "hanging around" Vieve for many months, and while he is not particularly brilliant nor particularly wise, he is good and kind, and what is more—at least to us in our financial embarrassments—rich.

Vieve has many admirers, for she is lovely and winsome, but willful in the extreme. At present her choice seems to waver between this young man and another—a Professor Moore, in our college—which college is the pride and delight of our village. The latter met Genevieve last season at a famous watering place, whither she had been taken by one of our friends, a gay, worldly woman who delights to act as chaperon to lovely young girls, as an excuse for mingling in the gayeties of such places herself, and then when the season is over allows them to drift back to their quiet, dull country homes and narrow, sordid lives. Whether this is a wise or useful experience for young girls I very much doubt, but at any rate it has not spoiled Genevieve. She comes back to us fresh and gay and smiling as ever; takes up the old burdens with only an occasional outbreak when some pressing economy is needed, or something which she considers especially mean has to be done because there is no money with which to do better.

We are very poor. My mother died when Vieve was three years old and our brother still a baby. To me these children are my life. For their dear sakes no sacrifice is too great. Our old country home is lovely and comfortably fitted up, but when my father died, five years ago, we found ourselves almost destitute, with only the barest pittance for an income. This I am trying bravely to eke out until our boy is old enough to put his shoulder to the wheel. Anything to keep the old home together and keep my lovely young sister under my wing, rather than send her out, in her beautiful freshness, to labor for her daily bread and grow hardened in so doing.

We have the most absurdly ridiculous nicknames. I was christened Elanor in the delusive hope, I suppose, that I would grow up into a tall, stately princess, to do credit and honor to the house. But, alas! like many human hopes—all vain! To the whole neighborhood Miss Elanor West is only a dumpy, stout little spinster, with glasses awry on her nose and an everlasting account book in her hand. Later in life Genevieve dubbed me Eve, because of my inordinate curiosity—still later Adam, because, she asserted laughingly, I had the curiosity of Eve and Adam combined. So this latter has grown to be my constant appellation. We have all sorts of quaint names for her. The boy was christened Ethelbert, but in my younger days, acting as a mother to him, I called him "Treasure" mostly. This soon shortened into "Tredge" in our familiar, affectionate way; so Tredge he is, and Tredge he will be to the end of the chapter.

Glancing out of the window I see Vieve and Mr. Somers sauntering slowly toward the house. She is bright and gay—he, moody and desperate looking. Vieve swings her broad hat carelessly on her arm, and I see that the wicked girl has decorated the poor young man with apple blooms until he looks like a veritable Bottom. But I also see that he is fiercely plucking them off, and as they pass through the hall the floor is strewn with the delicate, dainty things which he has cast from him. She gives me a wicked glance as they pass my door, while he bestows upon me a courteous, cool—very cool—good morning, Miss Elanor," and hurries out through the gate. Genevieve rushes in with a boisterous:

"Well, Ad, who next?"

"Oh, Vieve," I say ruefully, "that young man has gone and done it again, I know."

"He has, dear old Ad," she admits. "But I think this time is the last. I would not, Ad—I could not be so mean and small, you know."

She throws herself at my feet, her head upon my knees, her eyes wandering out to the orchard, where, evidently, a very tragic scene has taken place. She goes on hurriedly:

"I know I said if Charley Somers ever proposed to me again I would accept. I know I said I was tired of this pinching life—for" timidly, "you know it is pinching, Ad, dear. I know I said I had heard of the great inconvenience of living in trunks—I tried that last season in the mountains; even the lesser inconvenience of living in bureau drawers. I know I said last week, when I came home from Mrs. Graham's, with her elegant, artistic house and pantries stocked—literally overflowing with the good things of life—I said I could not endure living in paper bags any longer—I know I did; but, Ad, when Charley today offered me his hand—full, yes, full, Ad, of every comfort and luxury—somehow," she says, hesitatingly, "I could not. I don't know why, but I couldn't."

"Well, dear," I reply slowly, "if you don't love him"——

"That's it, Adam," she says, positively, "I don't and can't; so, dear old Ad, it's paper bags a little longer."

"All right dear," I say meekly; "if you feel that way, but—if you could, you know—of course, only if you could, how nice it would be!"

"Yes," she says, laughing merrily, "very nice, but I am afraid I offended him this time beyond redemption. I am afraid, Ad, dear," slowly, "I behaved very badly, for do you know there rushed over my mind the picture of me 'toddling away on my wedding day with the lord high executioner,' and I behaved—yes, very badly, Adam. I don't want Charley, Ad. I want nobody but you."

"All right," I say, teasingly, "but take care you never want any Moore."

"Adam!" she says, sternly shaking her finger at me as she rises, with the faintest blush upon her face, "if you are ever guilty again of such an execrable pun I shall bring Charley right in and make you marry him offhand, to save our family honor, and, better, our credit!"

The next evening, as it is growing dusk, I am sitting on the front piazza amid clustering vines, whose fragrant blooms are bending them down, waiting for Vieve to come home from dress parade on College Hill. The moon is slowly rising, and I know she has wandered into a walk with some one of her fervent devotees, and will likely come home with another victim dangling at her heels. I have scarcely thought this until I see her approoching—with two victims—Mr. Somers and Geoffry Moore. How she has inveigled Charley into her toils again, after yesterday's exploit, I cannot imagine—but there he is, and to him she is chatting gayly, glibly, almost ignoring the stately professor who walks gravely beside them.

I cannot shut my eyes to the difference between these men, though one is rich, the other poor.

Alas! that I have grown so mercenary and little—even over the question of my darling's heart! The one—gay, debonair, but shallow. The other—noble, manly, such a sure, safe protector and guide for my wayward Genevieve; but then, those little, cramping ills of poverty!

The night is so lovely that they sit down beside me on the piazza, and now—sure that she has snared her bird safely again—she turns the battery of her irresistible forces upon the professor, and is provoking, bewitching, exasperating, all in one breath. In some way the conversation turns upon rank and wealth and their advantages.

"I shall never marry except for love, of course," she says; "but then I never could love any one but a man who can give me all the luxury of wealth."

The first sentence evidently to snub poor Charley. The last to frown down any presumptuous advances on the part of the professor.

"I do not believe that, Miss Genevieve," he says gravely. "You belie yourself. What good to a true woman's heart are all the comforts and dainty things that wealth can purchase if there be no love? What good the honor and rank of a thousand dead ancestors if the present man be wanting in nobleness?"

"A great deal," she says decidedly. "I should want to know that his family had been great and—wealthy, for ages and ages—with old family portraits handed down for generations—coats of arms and all that sort of thing. Why, even as to ourselves," she adds with a curious twinkle in her eyes, "Ad, what is our family insignia—our old heraldic coat of arms?"

This with a gracious, questioning glance at me, when she knows we have always been nobodies.

"What did you say, Adam, dear?"

"Oh, Vieve!" I stammer in reply, "why will you try to turn everything into ridicule? You know I cannot"——

"Ad," she says, "you are too modest. You underrate your own descriptive abilities. Well! I can't describe, but I can draw. Mr. Moore, will you kindly lend me a card and a pencil?"

And that gentleman producing these articles, that audacious girl draws a very creditable grocer's paper bag and gravely hands it to him. He glances at it in a mystified manner.

"To make it more perfect," she says recklessly, "you might inflate it a little—a very little, wee bit, for there is very little in it, Ad, dear, isn't there?"

Three days later, Vieve and the professor have gone out riding. She was very dainty looking and gay when they set out, but to me his face had an unfamiliar look, as though he had made up his mind to risk all and try his fate. My heart is stirred to its depths, for there is no light, shallow love to be easily set aside. This man will never forget, and yet Vieve will never wed poverty. She cannot love the rich man, so will have none of him; she does not love—ah, is that true? I am afraid she loves the poor man—but at all events she will not marry him. So there is nothing left, as we children used to say when we counted the buttons on our dresses, but "beggar man" and "thief." God forbid!

They came in quite late. She has a flush upon her smooth, round cheek, but a troubled look in her eyes. He is very grave and quiet as he lingers on the piazza a few minutes. When he has gone she comes in very quietly. When I assist her to remove her riding dress she says:

"Ad, dear, this ride has given me such a fearful headache that I cannot see any of those chattering boys tonight. Entertain them for me, please, won't you, that's a dear!"

This is all she says to me, although I know there is something wrong, and late that night, when the "boys" are all gone, I find her with her fair head lying in the moonlight in the window.

"Don't light the lamp yet," she says, as I come in. "I want to tell you, Ad, dear. This hasn't been quite like the rest," very wearily and sadly, "for I like him very much, but oh, Ad, we have been poor so long. I could not wrong you all so much by not doing better for you than this. But he is true, Ad, so we won't laugh over it, you know." Her face is turned away from me a moment.

"Well, it is settled now, so go to bed, dear. I will come directly.

"Vieve," I began passionately, "if you care for this man don't wreck his own life and his"——

"Hush, Ad!" she interrupts. "It is all over. I guess I'll have to take Charley yet."

A week later Vieve and I are in the parlor reading when Professor Moore comes in, very pale, but resolute, to say goodby. He is going away, he says, as he found he could give up his present position for a better, "and," he adds bitterly, "this place has become unendurable to me."

I glance at Vieve. She is deadly pale, and the scarlet roses at her fair throat are trembling. He has but a moment in which to say goodby, so I extend my hand, feeling very regretful that we must lose this noble, true friend.

Why will they all fall in love with Vieve?

"Miss Elanor," he says, his voice slightly trembling, "I shall never forget your great kindness to me. May God bless you for it! I shall probably never see you again"——

He pauses—my hand trembles and I turn away.

"Vieve," he says, hurriedly, "goodby."

"Goodby," she says, her face very pale. "I am sorry—I know you can never care for me again—I know you never will"——

"Vieve," he interrupts gravely, "I shall always love you as I do now, but"——

"I know," she replies pettishly. "You are disappointed with me. You thought I was better, nobler, truer."

I am provoked with her. Womanlike, she is trying to make him still think well of her, even when she has bidden him leave her.

"Hush, Vieve," he says. "Goodby. It is all over now." He lets her hand fall and turns away to leave the room.

"Adam!" she cries passionately, "don't let him go!"

I do not move. If anything is to be done, she must do it.

"Geoffrey!" she says softly, crimsoning at her own audacity. He pauses irresolutely. "Geoffrey," still more softly and going nearer to him. "It is not all over. I do care for you. Stay! I love you very dearly and I am willing to be your wife as you asked me."

He turns and takes her in his arms. I am softly crying to myself by this time, for she is noble and true after all.

"I do love you," she says, bravely, but her face is half hidden. "I don't mind poverty—with you." This with an indescribable, adoring look, which takes away the last remnants of doubt the young man has left. Then she looks up at him with eyes full of laughter and says, "I just love to live in paper bags!"

At that I leave in disgust.

Two months afterward they are married. But his little secret is out. He is wealthy—far wealthier than Mr. Somers, and had only used this ruse to see if Vieve was true enough to love him for himself. When the wedding cards came out everybody was a little mystified, for, while very elaborate and costly, the outside cover bore a quaint design, much resembling the ordinary paper bag used by tradesmen generally. But being Professor Moore's they were pronounced "quite unique—so artistic, you know." But where did they ever get the idea?

Vieve casts down her eyes very demurely and says:

"I can't imagine, Ad, can you?"—Betty M. Thomas in Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Unexpected Solution.

At a Sunday school service a clergyman was explaining to a number of smart little urchins the necessity of Christian profession in order properly to enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world, and, to make it apparent to the youthful mind, he said:

"For instance, I want to introduce water into my house. I turn it on. The pipes and faucets and every convenience are in good order, but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why I don't get any water?"

He expected the children to see that it was because he had not made connection with the main in the street. The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should refuse to run into his premises after such faultless plumbing.

"Can no one tell me what I have neglected?" reiterated the good man, looking at the many wondering faces bowed down by the weight of the problem.

"I know," squeaked a little five-year-old. "You don't pay up!"—Lippincott's.

Danger of Theater Fires.

"It's a wonder to me," says an actress, "that there are not more theater fires. Many dressing rooms have unprotected gas jets, the long flames swaying with every draft. Only the other night my Gainsborough hat, loaded with feathers, ignited and blazed to ruins on my head. Then the girls are often so careless. In the haste of quick changes a stub candle is set up in its own grease on a wooden shelf and often forgotten when the girl rushes to the stage. Of course there are people around to watch for such careless acts, but it would not be hard to have no one to see them in time." Which is told not to produce disquiet, but to enforce extra caution.—New York Times.

A MIGHTY HUNTER DEAD

HE FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF THE LAST PENNSYLVANIA ELK.

It Was in the Early Part of the Winter of 1867-8 That the Last Bull Elk Was Tracked to His Death by the Tireless Sportsman of the Sinnamahoning.

"The man who was in at the death of the last elk killed in Pennsylvania died a few days ago in Potter county," said a former resident of that part of the Keystone State. "His name was Ira Parmenter, and he must have been ninety years of age. He was born near the forks of the Sinnamahoning, where his father, who came from Connecticut with his family before the close of the last century, was one of the first settlers. The old hunter just dead was the last of his race. He had followed the life of a hunter and trapper until three years ago, when he became partially blind and was forced to hang up his rifle. He had lived during the times when elk, wolves and panthers, all of them now extinct, were numerous in the Pennsylvania woods, and he, probably more than any of his contemporaneous woodsmen, aided in bringing about their extinction.

"For many years he insisted that he had killed the last panther ever known to be in Pennsylvania. But Jacob Bensley, an old Pike county hunter, finally brought such evidence to bear that he and not Parmenter was entitled to that honor, that the latter acknowledged Bensley's claim. That he was in the hunt, though, which resulted in the killing of the one lone elk that clung to its native hills and fastnesses in the Pennsylvania wilds there is no doubt, although the elk was killed by another person, and an Indian at that. This elk hunt was Parmenter's favorite reminiscence, among the hundreds of stirring stories of his life in the woods that he was always ready to relate, almost up to the day of his death.

ON THE TRAIL.

"This elk hunt occurred as late as 1867, although it was supposed that the last of the Wapiti race in Pennsylvania had met its death twenty years before. Not any of the animals nor any sign of them had been seen since 1845, when Seth Nelson, of Elk county, shot what was supposed to be the last one, and its immense head and antlers for years were exhibited at Peale's museum, in Philadelphia, as those of the last Pennsylvania elk. In the fall of 1867 this same Seth Nelson and Ira Parmenter were hunting along the headwaters of Bennett's creek, in Play Swamp, from which water flows on one side to the sources of the Susquehanna, and from the other to the Alleghany feeders. They were on the trail of a deer, when suddenly they heard the peculiar whistle a bull elk sounds only at that time of the year, the whistle being the call for a mate. The two hunters got their hounds on the elk's trail and followed it all day, when a heavy and prolonged rainstorm came up and the trail was lost.

"The hunters roamed the woods for weeks trying to strike the lost trail, but did not succeed. The news that there was still another elk left in the Sinnamahoning woods spread throughout the region and clear to the Indian reservations over the New York state line. Among these was a hunter and trapper famous on the Cattarangus reservation, known to the whites as Jim Jacobs. One day in the latter part of November Ira Parmenter and Seth Nelson started out to try again to find the trail of the lone bull elk of the Sinnamahoning. There was a good tracking snow, and on the south edge of Flag Swamp they discovered tracks in the snow that they recognized at once as an elk's, and at the same time they were surprised and by no means pleased to see the Indian hunter, Jim Jacobs, appear on the scene.

THE INDIAN'S PRIZE.

"Jacob was an old man even then, although he lived and hunted for ten years longer, when he was killed by the cars at Salamanca, N. Y. He had hunted elk for fifty years, and knew all their habits and instincts perfectly. Parmenter and Nelson objected to the Indian joining them in the chase of the elk, and he was forced to leave the trail. The two white men followed the elk for four days, and it led them through the almost unbroken wilderness of western Pennsylvania clear down to the head waters of the Clarion river, in Clarion county. There a blinding snowstorm came up, but they kept on, knowing that the elk would not travel in the storm. At last they discovered that the elk had taken refuge in a laurel thicket, and they felt that the prize was almost within their grasp, when a rifle shot rang out upon the snowy air from the thicket. They made their way into the thicket, and in an opening in the center stood the Indian, Jim Jacobs, one foot on the dead body of the elk, and his rifle held threateningly as he faced the white hunters creeping through the laurels.

"The wily Indian had read the course of the elk by his knowledge of the animal's instincts, and had followed it as surely as if he had been on its track in the snow, and had actually reached the laurel swamp where the animal took refuge before the elk reached there itself. The two white hunters, although disappointed and chagrined over their failure to capture the prize they had followed for a hundred miles, were forced to acknowledge the wonderful skill and unerring judgment of the old Indian, and aided him in carrying his prize home. The head and antlers of the elk were in Jacobs' house at Salamanca at the time of his death, and are probably in that place yet."—New York Sun.

Making a Market.

Stranger—Say, Sambo, I'll give you five dollars if you'll go through this village tonight and carry off all the roosters.

Sambo (indignantly)—I ain't no chicken thief.

"I don't want you to steal them. Just remove them for a few days. Then you can bring them back."

"What good'll dat do you?"

"I am peddling alarm clocks."—Good News.

Rogue Mummies.

In laying in your winter stock of mummies be careful to buy only the genuine.

The habit of making imitations of articles has extended even to the production of counterfeit back number subjects of the defunct Pharaohs. Now, ordinarily when one buys a thing he wants it fresh; but this rule does not hold good in the mummy trade. The staler they are the better, from a commercial point of view.

The high price of authentic mummies in a good state of preservation has led to the practice of manufacturing them to order, and the man who contemplates the purchase of a dozen or so of these cheerful objects should see that he gets what is left of something which once walked and talked in Egypt 3,000 or 4,000 years ago.

The mummy trade has been very active of late. Ordinary Egyptian citizens who have had no further use for themselves for thirty or forty centuries can be bought for about fifty dollars at Cairo, but a better quality of individual—a prince or a high priest, for instance—comes as high as $500 or even more.

If you should find in a mummy for which you paid $100, say, a lot of gold and jewelry worth about $1,000, you can be confident that the thing is genuine. An Egyptologist named Mosconas once made a small fortune in the purchase of one mummy which had once contained a rich man's vital spark. The chest, which had been separated from the vital organs before embalming, had been filled again with gold and precious stones.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Explaining a Shower of Blood.

No phenomena of nature have excited more widespread consternation in ancient and even in comparatively modern times than the so called rains of blood, stones, fishes and reptiles.

The peoples of antiquity regarded such occurrences as dire warnings and portends, and at the present day their occasional happenings gives rise to much wonder and actual fear. Nevertheless, science has been able to ascertain the causes which produce these remarkable precipitations, which are accounted for by reasons entirely commonplace.

In 1670 a "rain of blood" fell at The Hague. The citizens got up in the morning and found that a shower of crimson fluid had fallen during the night. There was great excitement and the occurrence was looked upon as foretelling approaching war. One level headed physician got a little of the strange water from one of the canals and examined it under a microscope. He found that the fluid had not really a red color, but was simply filled with swarms of small crimson animalcules.

Further investigation showed these animalcules to be a species of water flea with branching horns. Presumably they were brought from a great distance by wind and deposited with the rain. However, notwithstanding this explanation, the Hollanders persisted in regarding this affair from a superstitious point of view, and many declared afterward that it was an omen giving warning of the desolation which was subsequently brought into the country with fire and sword by Louis XIV.—Washington Star.

The New Club Member.

I read conscientiously Sunday afternoon at the club the weekly rules and regulations laid down in the newspapers concerning the details of life, that I might regulate my behavior thereby; and I notice that "initials are not considered good form on note paper, not even monograms." This did not particularly interest me, as I have for years used a firm, plain and unruled paper—though I do not delight in two sided letter writing, and the only notes I am punctilious in answering are dinner invitations and the good wishes of Miss Porphyry sent to me at the beginning of each world's year and mine own.

But looking up and across the hall I saw young Spriggles busily engaged in the consumption of club paper and envelopes. Letters stood in high stacks upon the table. And I formulated this maxim: The newness of club membership is in direct proportion to the amount of daily correspondence. The clubling parades the club stamp as the newly married man his wife. And I should regret this thrusting of such dangerous weapons as pen, ink and paper into the hands of the wise and the foolish, were it not that club paper had occasionally its uses; as when Thackeray wrote that delightful Roundabout in defense of Lord Clyde.—Boston Post.

The Kiss in History.

What a fleeting, intangible, evanescent and altogether delicious thing a kiss is! No savant can analyze it. The genius that fathoms star spaces cannot measure it; the science that weighs the fraction of an atom cannot determine its specific gravity. And yet what an important part it has played in history as well as in romance. It has been the reward of genius—for was not Voltaire publicly kissed in the stage box by the beautiful Duchess de Villars in compliance with the demands of an enthusiastic fit to thus reward the author of "Merope?"

It has been the bribe of politics, for when Fox was contesting the hard won seat at Westminster the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire offered to kiss all who would vote for the great statesman. And the inspiration of patriotism, for did not the fair Lady Gordon turn recruiting sergeant when the ranks of the Scottish regiments had been depleted by Salamanca, and tempted the gallant lads by placing the recruiting shilling between her lips for all who would to take it with their own?—New York Sun.

Equine Aristocracy.

"That fellow is awfully stuck up," remarked the cob to the polo company, as he wagged his ears in the direction of the new tandem horse. "He refused to recognize me today in the park. He may be a society 'leader' now, but I remember when his mother used to be driven by the grocer's son."—Harper's Bazar.

DECEPTION AMONG WOMEN.

Why Husbands and Fathers Are to Blame for Much Apparent Dishonesty.

Since the field of woman's work has broadened, it has been discovered that the proportion of women clerks, cashiers and forewomen, who betray the trust reposed in them, is much less than that of male employes. Opposite this, as if the purpose were to balance the sins of the sexes, we find the simple proposition that, as a rule, women are more deceptive than men, but the deception is practiced either in small matters or in sentiment.

If we eliminate love from the calculations, woman is still the more deceptive in small things. That is to say, she may plead guilty to petit larceny, while her big brother covers the entire gamut, from grand larceny to murder. If this were true, it is not difficult to account for the difference between man and womankind. The majority of women depend largely upon their husbands, fathers or brothers. In the maintenance of the house and table, to say nothing of personal adornment, there are very few men who place their purse at their wife's disposal. Nineteen out of twenty have seen their mothers appealing to the head of the house for money that should have been given to her as hers by right.

The man's point of view and the woman's point of view are so far apart that it takes time to bridge it, and as the woman is usually the bridge builder, what wonder if she wearies, resolves to take the shortest and easiest way and practices some small deception? Many a girl with honest impulses, candid to a fault, has been mated to a man whose lack of sensibility, sordid views of life, greed or indifference changed the entire character of her life. She has kept her own counsel and "managed" her husband to the best of her ability. Is this excusable deception?

Many years ago the judges in England ruled that if a man had avenues of flight open, no matter how sorely he might be beset, to turn and slay his assailant was murder, and many thousands were hanged for preferring to kill another rather than stand or be overtaken and slain. Of late the judges have changed the ruling. The interpretation of the law is different. Whereas in former years no man dare assail his opponent until he was driven to the wall, now we have the common sense decision that a man need not flee from an assassin, turning his back and inviting death. He may face his opponent and kill him rather than risk being killed. If this ruling is just, what shall we say of the men whose miserly practices or greed or indifference deprives their wives or daughters of the opportunity to enjoy life within their means?

The best answer to the assertion that women are more deceptive than men is found in those families where the parents do not discriminate against their daughters; where it is assumed that the daughters are entitled to as much money as the sons, and the sons are taught that the earnings of the minors are common stock. The girls practice no more deception than the boys. They develop into independent, fair minded women. And they may be relied upon to preserve their self respect and the respect due their husbands.

In the practical, everyday affairs of life the equality taught by the master is impressed in a manner that makes character. And characterless women are the only companions that characterless men are worthy of.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Three Ancient Trees.

Washington has three trees, each connected with some important event in the laying out of the town of Washington in 1788. The commissioners who made the survey began their work under the great white oak in the front yard of Judge Andrews' old home at Haywood. Through the following century this was one of the finest trees in Wilkes county. Another historical tree is the great poplar on the Alexander homestead. In 1790 the first ordination of a Presbyterian minister west of the Savannah river took place under that tree. This was Rev. John Springer, a man of noted character and talents, and who would have been president of Franklin college had he lived.

Finally, coming down later in time, we reach the memorable debate between Robert Toombs and Benjamin Hill in 1856? This was one of the greatest intellectual contests in the history of Georgia, and will never be forgotten by those who heard it. It took place under an oak in the grove of Haywood. It was followed by a typical barbecue of the old south.—Washington (Ga.) Gazette.

Two Bipeds Meet.

A gentleman slowly sauntering down Seventeenth street the other night was startled by a shrill whistle that sounded close behind him. He naturally stopped and looked around, but saw no one. He started on, but had proceeded only a few yards when the whistle, louder and shriller than before, was repeated. Again he looked around, and again he saw no one. Then his heart misgave him, for the hour was almost midnight. Vague, unutterable fears clutched at his soul, until his sleek locks grew to resemble the quills of that notoriously fretful porcupine.

But suddenly the mystery was solved. He chanced to glance overhead, thinking that probably, like the May Queen, he had heard the angels call, when he perceived a parrot in a cage that dangled from a second story window. The eyes of the feathered and featherless bipeds met, and the parrot quickly and appropriately remarked, "What are you looking at, you blamed fool!"—Philadelphia Record.

How Acorns Are Eaten.

Acorns form an important article of diet among many tribes of Indians. They are bruised into meal and made into dough for bread. The meal is usually soaked preliminary in water to take away its bitter taste. Acorns are stored away in trees by wood packers, and in times of scarcity the natives rob these deposits.—Washington Star.

TRADES IN SKELETONS.

A PHILADELPHIA FRENCHMAN'S GREWSOME BUSINESS.

A Dealer Who Has Handled Over Five Thousand Skeletons During His Lugubrious Career—Hideous Decorations of a Bedroom—A Being That Loves Bones.

To deal in the bones of human beings would be an occupation repugnant to most men. Yet in the vicinity of Sixth and South streets lives an old Frenchman who finds more pleasure in this occupation than anything else in his life. His store is a veritable den of skeletons. The weather beaten sign swinging over the door, creaking dismally with every gust of wind, bears this simple legend, "M. de Robaire, Parfumerie," from which it is evident monsieur would have the world believe that he deals almost exclusively in those perfumed waters so dear to the feminine heart. Every family has a skeleton in the closet, however, and monsieur's family, which consists only of himself, is no exception to the general rule. He has his skeleton—in fact he has scores of them—in closets and otherwise, the majority otherwise. The truth of the matter is, the old Frenchman deals in skeletons.

The second floor boasts of only two small rooms, the rear one being used as a workshop, while the other, directly over the store and fronting on the street, serves the double purpose of bedchamber and storeroom.

Such another bedchamber as the one occupied by the old Frenchman probably does not exist, and how monsieur manages to sleep the sleep of the just among such grewsome surroundings is an insolvable mystery to the few who have been admitted to it.

The walls of the small room are ornamented with skulls and crossbones and real life size skeletons, or rather death size skeletons, in all sorts of grotesque positions. Four hideous skulls grin from their positions on top of the four posts of the bed, and close to the sides of the bed stands a skeleton with arms outstretched doing duty as a clothes rack. The whole is dimly lighted up by a faint glimmer of light emanating from a lamp made of a ghastly skull suspended from the middle of the ceiling with thongs of tanned human hide.

THE SKELETON TRADE.

De Rebaire himself is an odd looking man, and the resemblance between him and one of his own skeletons is decidedly striking. He has gaunt, wolflike features, his thin upper lip and bony chin being adorned with an iron gray moustache and imperial.

For a score of years he has been carrying on his business in the old place, having emigrated from France in 1855, coming direct to Philadelphia, where he established himself in business. For a time he had a hard struggle to keep body and soul together, owing to the number of competitors in the field, together with the dullness of business. It soon became necessary for him, in addition to his other trade, to set himself up as a druggist, and he still runs his little shop, though principally as a decoy.

Late in the sixties, when the Knights of Pythias were organized in this state, the demand for skeletons increased, as they were used to a great extent in the lodgerooms. De Robaire prospered, as a consequence, since most of his competitors had given up the business.

Off and on during the following twenty years business was dull and brisk by turns, but the old man had amassed a small fortune, and there is no reason why he should longer continue in the business except that he has taken a liking to his work, such as every true artist does. He is an artist in the full sense of the word. There is undoubtedly no one who can articulate a skeleton as neatly as he, and it is no idle boast on his part when he claims that with eyes blindfolded he can take a mass of bones representing the human frame and build up the skeleton as it was originally, without one bone out of place.

WHAT THE "DOCTOR" SAYS.

The "doctor," while standing in his workshop a few days ago with his sleeves rolled up over his skinny arms, thus held forth on the subject nearest his heart: "This skeleton you see me operating on I have imported from France. You will notice the high polish on the bones, due to a method of preparation practiced only by the French. They clean the bones by a process of maceration with muriatic acid, the whole operation requiring two or three months' time, while in this country the bones are hastily and carelessly boiled and come out rough and dirty. In all my twenty years' service I have never come across a Chinese skeleton. This is due to the fact that a Chinaman believes he will not reach heaven unless his bones rest in the Flowery Kingdom.

"The different prices of skeletons are based upon their degrees of hardness and whiteness, upon the development of the bones and the amount of absence of fat in their extremities. For this reason the French article is decidedly of more value than the American or German. Up to this year over 2,600 skeletons have been imported into this country, but they have become scarce of late for some reason, and to supply the demand I find it necessary to manufacture them of paper.

"Of course I have a stock of them in my bedroom, but I would not part with any of these. Mon Dieu! I have come to look upon them as dear friends and companions. Here you see my artificial skeletons, made of papier mache, with artificial teeth, and the whole covered with a white polish which gives the appearance of the genuine article. I can make three of these each week, and they bring from ten to fifteen dollars, while the imported genuine article costs from thirty to thirty-five dollars and the domestic twenty dollars. But then the imitations are bought only by secret societies.

"Yes, I have grown old in the business and love it. I have articulated and handled over 5,000 skeletons in my time."
—Philadelphia Record.

DON'T DELAY TO

Stop that cough! Else the bronchial tubes will be enlarged and the delicate tissues of the lungs exposed to injury. No other medicine is so speedily operative in throat and lung troubles as **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** A few doses have been known to break up an obstinate and distressing cough. Sufferers from asthma, bronchitis, croup, consumption, sore throat, and whooping cough find a sure relief in the use of this preparation. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, and induces repose. Try Don't be without it in the house. Sallie E. Stone, Hurt's store, Va., writes: "I have found, in my family, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was always a certain cure for colds and coughs."

"Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was completely cured."—Anga A. Lewis, Ricard, N. Y.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 7:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday a 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallagan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2994 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vesper at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:3 vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling pastor. Residence 2938 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 3549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 926 W. Twelfth st

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and E Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. D. Ragan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth s.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev P. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 88 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc Gregor st. and Twenty-fourth place Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer pastor. Residence 9434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 49 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res. 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 831 S Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m., high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 75 Cypress st

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 245 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C F. Meet 168 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C F. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2957 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C F. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C F; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C F. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C F. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chancere, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 454th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuss, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pure hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Foix, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C F. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2361 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C F. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4493 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C F. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C F. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C F. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C F. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C F. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schutt, Treas; Dr Brand, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtomb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C F. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 976 Larrabee st; J Ke anark, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 96 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringa, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 294 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C F. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C F. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mernch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Forestern hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 726 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C F. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C F. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozzi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2516 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 3974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C F. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 56 State-st, at 3 p. m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Frank T. Conroy.
County Financial Secretary, W. E. Graham 13 Currier st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Edward O Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Hamsted-st., pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; Jas Duffy, Rec. Sec., 31 Wright-st., Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. Sec; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec., R. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 2nd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 162 Van Buren-st.; Martin Walsh, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2862 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres., 257 Michigan st; James F. Lusk, V. P.; James Rielly, Rec. Sec., 325 Elm st.; P. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; Andrew G. Duggan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., 8 Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P.; James O'Kelly, Rec Sec, 8 Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T A Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 96 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

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Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 719 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 189 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 23—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 25—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John R. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres, P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av. V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Hoskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec Sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 o m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3800 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 51st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div 37—Pres, John P Doheny, 6339 Honore V P, John Sheehy; Rec Sec, Richard Maloney, 68th and Halsted sts; Fin Sec, M H Hoey; Treas, Denis Kelly.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 reeman Ct., Boxbury Dist., Boston,

IN AN EGYPTIAN APARTMENT HOUSE.

Interesting Scenes in a Lodging Place in the City of Cairo.

The two rooms nearest us belonged to El Azhar students, so Mustapha said. He could speak no English, but he imparted the information in Arabic to our dragoman. Seeing that we were more interested in the general scene than in his red jugs, Mustapha left the Assiout ware to its fate, and lighting a cigarette seated himself on the railing with a disengaged air, as much as to say: "Two more mad women! But it's nothing to me."

One of the students was evidently an ascetic. His room contained piles of books and pamphlets, and almost nothing else. His one rug was spread out close to the front in order to get the light, and placed upon it we saw his open inkstand, his pens and a page of freshly copied manuscript. When we asked where he was, Mustapha replied that he had gone down to the fountain to wash himself, so that he could say his prayers.

The second chamber belonged to a student of another disposition; this extravagant young man had three rugs; clothes hung from pegs upon his walls, and he possessed an extra pair of lemon colored slippers; in addition we saw cups and saucers upon a shelf. Only two books were visible, and these were put away in a corner; instead of books he had flowers; the whole place was adorned with them; pots containing plants in full bloom were standing on the floor round the walls of his largely exposed abode, and were also drawn up in two rows in the passageway outside, where he himself, sitting on a mat, was sewing. His blossoms were so gay that involuntarily we smiled. Whereupon he smiled too, and gave us a salam.

Opposite the rooms of the students there was a large chamber almost entirely filled with white bales, like small cotton bales; in a niche between these high piles an old man kneeling at the threshold was washing something in a large earthenware tub of a pink tint. His body was bare from the waist upward, and as he bent over his task his short chest, with all the ribs clearly visible, his long brown back with the vertebræ of the spine standing out, and his lean, seesawing arms looked skeleton-like, while his head, supported on a small wizened throat, was adorned with such an enormous bobbing turban, dark green in hue, that it resembled vegetation of some sort—a colossal cabbage. Directly behind him, also on the threshold, squatted a large gray baboon whose countenance expressed a fixed misanthropy.

Every now and then this creature who was secured by a long loose cord, ascended slowly to the top of the bales and came down on the other side, facing his master. He then looked deeply into the tub for several minutes, touched the water carefully with his small black hand, withdrew it and inspected the palm, and then returned gravely, and by the same roundabout way over the bales, to resume his position at the doorsill, looking as if he could not understand the folly of such unnecessary and silly toil.

In another chamber a large very black negro, dressed in pure white, was seated upon the floor, with his feet stretched out in front of him, his hands placed stiffly on his knees, his eyes staring straight before him. He was motionless; he seemed hardly to breathe.

"What is he doing?" I said to the dragoman.

"He? Oh, he berry good man; he pray."

In a chamber next to the negro two grave old Arabs were playing chess. They were perched upon one of those Cairo settees which look like square chicken coops. One often sees these seats in the streets, placed for messengers and porters, and for some time I took them for actual chicken coops, and wondered why they were always empty. Chickens might well have inhabited the one used by the chess players, for the central court upon which all these chambers opened was covered with a layer of rubbish and dirt several inches thick, which contained many of their feathers. —Constance Fenimore Woolson in Harper's.

Renting Bibles.

The popular impression that every family possesses a Bible as well as a dictionary and a copy of Shakespeare, like many other popular impressions, seems to be an erroneous one, for there is in town a firm that makes a business of renting out Bibles of an expensive and handsome kind, suitable to hand to a bishop or fashionable clergyman on the occasion of a christening, wedding or funeral in the family. If on the occasion of these religious episodes in the family the high church dignitary should turn to the blank leaves between the Old and New Testaments he would find them devoid of genealogical records, to the consternation of the family. A deposit is demanded when the Bible is hired, and a charge of two dollars a night is the regular price.—New York Sun.

Authors' Words.

A statistician in Paris has the patience to count the number of words employed by the most celebrated writers. The works of Corneille do not contain more than 7,000 different words, and those of Moliere 8,000. Shakespeare, the most fertile and varied of English authors, wrote all his tragedies and comedies with 15,000 words; Voltaire and Goethe employ 20,000. "Paradise Lost" only contains 8,000, and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 words.—Cor. Baltimore American.

Taught a Lesson.

The folly of flirting with strange young men is cruelly plain to a girl who works in a local dry goods store, where every clerk has read a letter she wrote to a Worcester young man, who gave a fictitious name and address. The envelope contained the firm name in the corner, and when it was sent back unclaimed the letter had to go the rounds to find the writer.—Springfield Homestead.

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Layer Ondura Raisins, per lb	5 cents
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Quart Bottle Finest Imported Olive Oil for	39 cents
Crosse & B. Walnut Catsup, per bottle	9 cents
Pints Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles for	25 cents
Quarts Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles for	45 cents
Nelson's Gelatine, per packag	9 cents
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Quarts Flaccus Bros.' Catsup for	29 cents
Pints Columbia Catsup for	6 cents
California Sugar-Cured Hams, per lb	6½ cents
4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for	$1.00
Parisian Mixed Candy, per lb	4 cents
Broken Lump Candy, per lb	5 cents
French Mixed Candy, per lb	10 cents
Best New Mixed Nuts, per lb	10 cents
Finest Layer Figs, per lb	9 cents
XXX Ginger Snaps, per lb	5 cents
5 lb Box London Layer Table Raisins for	39 cents
25 White Lilly Cigars for	49 cents
50 Henry Clay Cigars for	50 cents
Good Quality Fine Cut Plug Tobacco, per lb	15 cents
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Attorneys.

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ESTATE OF MARTIN MARTIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Martin Martin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1891.

NELLIE R MARTIN, Administratrix with the will annexed.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF ANDREW SILBER, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew Silber, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1891.

JOHN C. BLOCK, Executor.

David Sullivan Attorney.

ESTATE OF VACLAV STAUBER, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Vaclav Stauber, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1891.

MARY STAUBER, Executrix.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES,

For Sale to Subscribers and Regular Readers of "The Citizen."

For the last fifteen years competent judges have admitted that the watches made in America are far superior to those of foreign manufacture. For this reason everybody who wishes to have a watch that can be relied on has tried to purchase an American watch. Owing, however, to efforts of the "watch trust," these watches have been sold at so high a price as to place them beyond the reach of the average watch buyer. THE CITIZEN has determined to place these watches within reach of every one of its subscribers and regular readers by buying them of the factory agents and selling them at an advance which barely covers expenses. Every subscriber and regular reader may purchase any watch made in America at a price slightly in advance of that charged at the factory. Nobody else can buy at any price. Below are several watches which we consider especially desirable:

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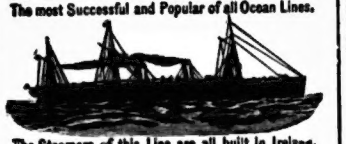

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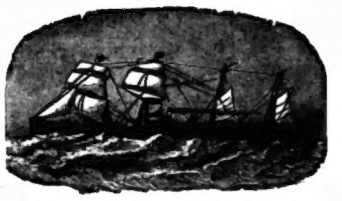

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